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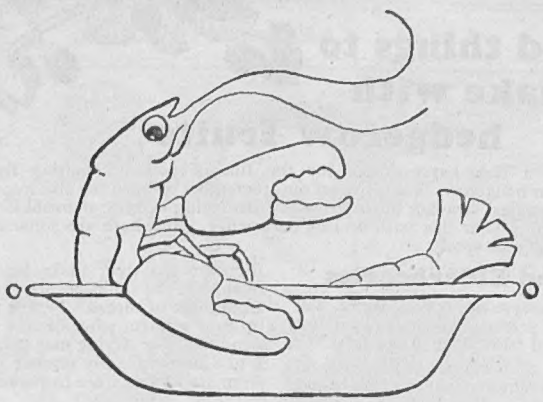

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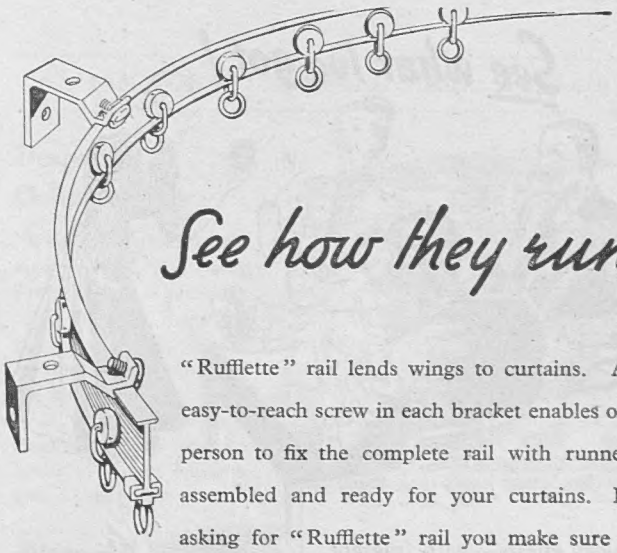

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good things to make with hedgerow fruits

There's a rich harvest, free for the fun of picking, waiting for you in field or hedgerow. When you set out, remember to warn the children about shutting gates, straying on to crops, or damaging hedges or bushes. Then you'll enjoy your day with a clear conscience. And here are some recipes for using your spoils.

Potted Elderberries

This preserve needs little sugar, will keep for years, and is delicious to use as stewed fruit, in pies and tarts.

Strip the berries with a fork. Weigh them and allow 1½ oz. sugar per pound. Put into jars (screw-band, spring-clip or jam-jar snap enclosure type) sprinkling the sugar among the fruit. When full, put the jars in a slow oven, cover with lids (not rings, screw-bands or clips) and cook until juice is completely drawn; this needs ¾ to 1 hour.

Meantime sterilise rubber rings by putting in cold water, bringing to the boil and boiling 15 minutes. Remove one jar at a time from the oven, filling up from spare jar of fruit as contents will have shrunk. Seal immediately with hot rings and lids and fix on screw-band or clip. Test next day; remove screw-band or clip, lift jar by lid. If seal is perfect, lid will not come off. Otherwise, jars should be re-done or contents used within a few days.

In place of currants

Dried elderberries can be used as currants for puddings, cakes, for stewing with apple or marrow for tarts. Pick sprays of berries before they are too ripe, shake free from dust. Tie the stalks at intervals on a stout piece of thread. Tie the thread up over a warm stove or in a sunny window. The drying may take from 5 to 8 days. Gently remove berries from stalks and store in paper bags.

Blackberry and Apple Jelly

2 lb. blackberries, 1 lb. cooking apples, 1 pint water, 1 lb. sugar to each pint of juice.

Wash the fruit, cut up apples and place in a pan with blackberries and water. Boil gently until tender, then mash well and strain through a scalded jelly bag **or** muslin. Measure the juice and add 1 lb. sugar to each pint. Stir until sugar is dissolved, then boil rapidly until setting point is reached (about 15 minutes) and pot in the usual way.

Bottling Wild Fruits

Blackberries and elderberries can be bottled alone, or with apple, by any of the ordinary bottling methods *EXCEPT the Campden method.* A mixture of blackberries, elderberries and apple has a very good flavour. If a seedless preserve is required, use the juice only and apple pulp.

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H. G. Wells
writes to his Mother

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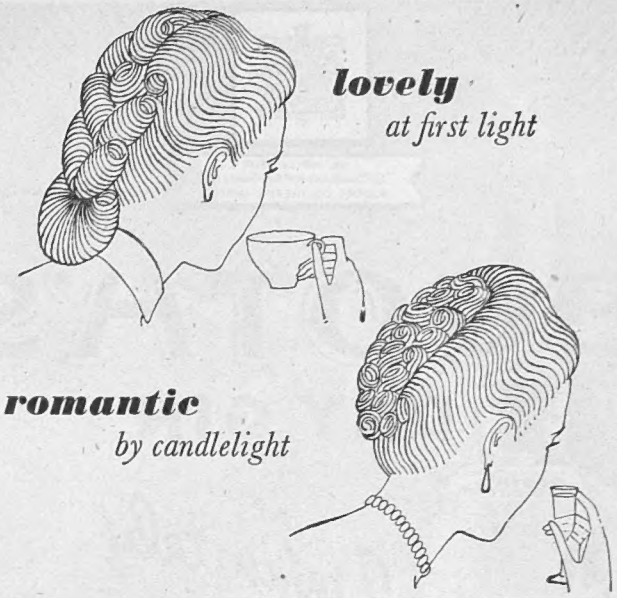

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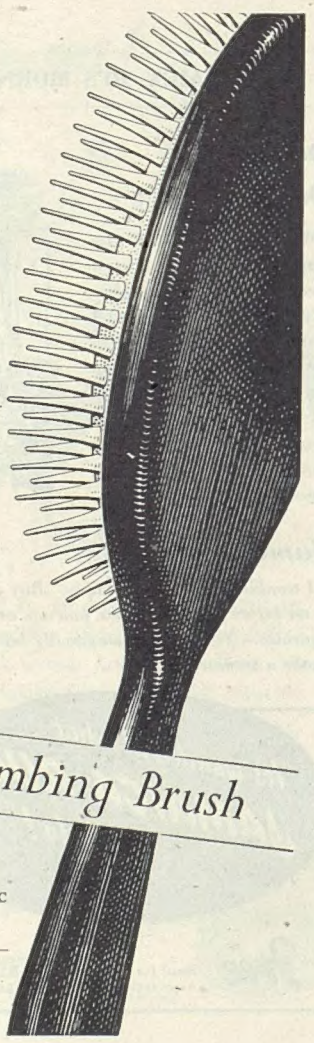

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"I have an instrument of abdication prepared for your signature," said Mancuvin.

KING BORIS BROADCASTS

A Short Story by ARTHUR GRANT-MORRIS

PURGE was in the air: in Parliament, in the law courts, in the universities and schools, in Ministries, churches and theatres. ven in the Royal Palace.

"With things as they are it 's as well at I have no wife," reflected King oris. "Fancy that little Princess they ce suggested! Fat as a pug and uffling. Poor child! She 's well out it."

A footman interrupted s thoughts.

"Your Majesty, M. Mancuvin is here, craving dience . . ."

"I don't imagine he put quite like that," said the ing. "Never mind, I 'll ceive him."

When Mancuvin entered e King was seated at s desk.

He did not rise. He id not speak. The long lence made Mancuvin ervous and then angry.

"Who are you to keep me standing here?" he houted suddenly.

"I am the King," said Boris. "What are you?"

"My God, you know! You know I have assumed the office of Premier."

Boris sat still for a few minutes. Then he said, questioningly, "Assumed? No. Usurped is a better word. Frankly, M. Mancuvin, I think it will be wiser, in the circumstances, for me to dissolve Parliament and to order an election. That is my constitutional right."

"The Constitution is abrogated," replied Mancuvin.

"By whom?" asked the King. "And what do you propose to do?"

"I have an instrument of abdication prepared for your signature," said Mancuvin.

The King smiled at him. "What happens if I sign?" he asked.

"You will be granted safe conduct. You may go anywhere. England, America, France."

"Anywhere so long as you 're rid of me," cut in Boris. "But there is one major difficulty. I 'm not going to sign or resign."

"If you remain here," said Mancuvin, "you remain on my terms."

"I won't throw away a crown to save my skin," said Boris.

"There is no King but the People," remarked Mancuvin sententiously. "The will of the people is sovereign."

"At the last election, if I remember rightly," replied Boris, "the people voted solidly against your party. Three to one against, I think."

"Bourgeois rigging!" said Mancuvin angrily. "The lackeys' vote."

"Well," said Boris, "I 've offered you a new election. We 'll let the people decide."

"I think," said Mancuvin, "that you hardly realise your position. I will leave the instrument of abdication with you, in case you should change your mind. I hate violence, but I may not be able to hold the people in check against a tyrant."

WHEN the King was alone he tore up the document and rang for his personal servant, Andrew.

"Burn that rubbish," he ordered.

"Yes, your Majesty. What are they going to do, your Majesty?"

"They want me to go, and I won't," answered Boris, "so they 'll probably cut my throat." He paused, adding mischievously, "and yours!"

Andrew stood there rooted, staring beseechingly at the King.

"Well, what is it? Why don't you do what you 're told?"

"It 's horrible, Sire, being a coward," confessed Andrew. "I 'd do anything for you, your Majesty, but I 'm all of a shake."

The King laid a hand on Andrew's shoulder.

"We can't help the way we 're made," he said, "but you wouldn't have the job you 've got if I didn't trust you completely." Too moved to reply, Andrew left the room, with the torn abdication paper in his hand.

ALL through that day Palace routine was maintained. In the evening, as usual, dinner was served on plates of gold, and footmen in scarlet waited at table.

His Majesty was alone. He thought, "The servants are still here, but the Officers of State are gone. What next?" He told a man to ring up a friend's house in the country. "Get me Count Markoff."

The servant returned in a minute. "I regret, your Majesty, there is a fault in the line."

"I see. Thank you." So that was the way of it! The wireless would not function. Boris shrugged his shoulders. "I prefer my own piano."

He played a Polonaise of Chopin. Then a Nocturne, remembering a girl in silver, standing at a window. What exquisite beauty! Until nearly midnight he went on playing, turning over ideas in his head. "I'm not specially clever or specially good. I love freedom. I love beautiful things. I'm a pretty ordinary person. That's the value of a king. I'm the ordinary man crowned. His representative. By the Lord, I'll fight!"

He rang the bell. Nobody came.

"I see. So now Mancuvin's withdrawn my servants. I'm alone here, with his gang. I'd hate anything to happen to Andrew."

He went out of the music-room and walked through endless passages and salons to the Throne Room. It was dimly-lit. Boris mounted the dais and sat down to think. Something clawed at his ankle.

"What's the game? What's that?" Looking down he saw a hand protruding from under the throne.

"Come out or I'll break your neck!" said Boris. Out crawled Andrew, pale as death.

"Your Majesty, I was hiding." He began to blubber.

"Shut up, you ass! What has happened?"

"After dinner they rounded up all the old lot," said Andrew. "Footmen, cooks, maids, and all. They was ready to march us off to prison, but I managed to give 'em the slip and I done a bunk up here by the private way. I got under the Throne and waited. Then I started wondering what they'd done to you."

"Good old Andrew!"

"And when you come in," continued Andrew, "I could've cried, seeing you safe."

"Then we're quits," said the King. "But what do we do next? Did you overhear anything?"

"They've changed all the sentries," replied Andrew. "Put in Reds. Every entrance is covered."

"Come to my bedroom," said the King. "We must think, and quickly. They want to liquidate me. If I stay in the Palace they've got me focused. Somehow we must get out. I must make myself heard."

"Easier said than done," said Andrew, as they walked along very quietly, on the watch for spies or guards.

"If we can get to my rooms we'll be all right, I think," said the King. "My grandfather had his bit of fun."

Andrew's eye gleamed as he cut in: "The Little Countess, your Majesty?"

"That's it. There's a way out underground. I know the trick of it, but the devil of it is that I don't know for sure who owns the property at the other end now. It was sold up when the little lady died. Hullo!"

"What's up, your Majesty?"

"They've posted a sentry outside my suite."

Andrew groaned.

"Wait here," commanded Boris. "And don't interfere unless I shout."

"I'll not push myself forward, Sir," said Andrew, retiring with shaky legs into the shadows.

Boris laughed and walked straight up to the sentry. "Why don't you present arms?" he said. No reply. "D'you know who I am?"

"Like hell I do."

"Still wearing the uniform of the Guards, I see."

"Pulled off the ruddy crowns," said the soldier.

"I gave no such order," said the King.

"If you don't stop gassing," replied the man, "I'll loose off a bullet." And he thrust forward his bayonet aggressively. The King moved to one side.

"Get out of my way," he said, and he hit the sentry on the point of the jaw so suddenly that he fell.

Boris caught the rifle so that there was no clatter.

"Come on, Andrew," he said. "Open the door and we'll pull in this carcase."

"Shall I tie him up?" asked Andrew when they were safely inside the room, with the door locked.

"No. Leave him on the floor."

"But if he should come round?"

"I'll deal with him," said the King, "but now I'll have a bath, if the water's still running. I'm filthy."

Halfway through the bath Andrew gave a yell: "Your Majesty, 'e's come to!"

Boris, girded with a towel, appeared. "Hullo," he said to the guard. "None the worse?"

"My God, you can punch!" said the man, feeling his jaw.

"Well, why not?"

"They said you was tallow. Too much booze and girls."

"Oho! And who said that?"

"Mancuvin put it about. Said you was a parasite reactionary, and a henemy of the people."

"There are all sorts of people and all sorts of workers," said the King, "all with a right to their own opinions. You can't run people out of a mould. Now take your rifle and go."

The sentry moved towards the door.

"No, wait a minute!" called Boris. "We must part friends. Get him some beer, Andrew. There's some in the cupboard."

Andrew hesitated. "Come on, man!" Andrew jumped to it.

"You don't 'alf know your own mind," said the sentry, draining off his pint. "Good 'ealth!"

He stood there for a minute before putting down his mug. Then he stiffened and presented arms.

"Now why couldn't you do that before?" asked Boris.

"You 'adn't 'it me then," said the sentry.

When they were alone the King turned to Andrew. "The fatal thing would be to be trapped in here," he said. "We must use this tunnel, wherever it leads us. It's our only chance. Got a torch?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Come on, then," said the King, pressing a spring and sliding back a panel so that there was a small opening in the wall. Andrew peered anxiously into the opening.

"There's somebody moving down there, Sir, I swear there is."

"Nonsense, Andrew, it's nerves."

"But, Sir——"

"S-sh-h-h-h, you're right. Get back from the entrance. Somebody at the other end is a move ahead of us. I'll close back the panel and we'll wait."

Andrew nodded, and the two of them stood covering the entrance to the tunnel with their revolvers.

There was a faint sound of tapping and fumbling. Then the sliding panel opened.

"My God, it's a woman!" cried the King. "No shooting, Andrew."

A girl stood facing them.

The King said, "Who are you? How did you know of this passage?"

"My God, it's a woman!" cried the King. "No shooting, Andrew." A girl stood facing them

"I'm Tamar Rykoff," she said. "My cousin, Paul Ternheim, has bought the house at the other end of the tunnel. He belongs to Mancuvin, hand-in-glove. I overheard a plot to kill you to-night, and I had to come . . ."

The King looked straight at her. "How can I be sure that you are not a decoy?" he asked.

"I can give you no proof," said Tamar simply. "I found the secret of the passage and I risked coming to you in time. If I am found it will not be pleasant."

"I believe in you," said Boris, after a pause. "I have seen you before."

"Yes," said Tamar, "I was standing at a window in the Strada Constantine last November. You looked up at me and smiled."

"You were wearing silver," said the King. "You were not easy to forget."

"Neither could I forget you," replied Tamar. "It was foolish of me."

"No," said the King, "not that."

They stood silent, looking at each other, half-happy, half-embarrassed.

Andrew coughed, and the King turned to him.

"Take this lady to my dressing-room. She must not be found here."

"Very good, your Majesty."

When Andrew came back the King said: "We know what they're up to now and we'll be waiting for 'em. Click off the lights, there's a good man."

For over an hour they sat silent in the darkness, barely moving a finger. Then they heard the panel slide across and the King flooded the room with light. He leapt at one man, Andrew tackling the second.

Boris shot his man in the wrist and Andrew wounded the other in the shoulder.

"You were warned!" cried the King's assailant as he struggled. "You were waiting for us! It was Tamar. I'll——"

"I told you the bitch smelt a rat!" said the other man. "I know she was spying and sniffing round. You would not listen——"

"You'll both stop talking," ordered the King. "You'll hand over all passes and papers. Andrew, cover them both."

"Yes, Sir."

The King went through their pockets. "Excellent," he said. "Special passes, signed 'Mancuvin.' Very useful. Now strip."

"I'm hurt," said Ternheim, the spokesman. "I can't move my arms."

"All right," said Boris, watching for a sign of foxing, "I'll help you out of your things."

"This'll not help you much," said Ternheim, swearing with pain. "You'll never get clear. You'll be shot on sight."

"I wonder," said the King. "Got some cord, Andrew?"

Illustrations by Frank Lea.

" Ready and waiting, Sir."

" Good! You won't be too comfortable, my lads, but it 's better than being dead."

" You won't live long after this! " spat Ternheim. " We 'll hang you in front of the Palace."

" Thanks," said Boris, " that 'll save me a long walk. And now, before I gag you, Ternheim, just one question. Was Mancuvin expecting you after the job? "

" Find out! "

The King moved in menacingly, showing his revolver. " Come on. Where were you to meet? "

Ternheim gabbled, staring at the barrel close to his ribs. " In a private room at Broadcasting Building."

" You 're lying! "

" No——"

" Why not at the Ministry? "

" Mancuvin does not trust his colleagues . . ."

" So! I believe you. That 's enough. Put a pad over his mouth, Andrew. We 'll heave them into the bathroom. No time to waste."

" So much for that," said the King. " We must get a move on now, Andrew. Help me into Ternheim's clothes."

" The trousers is horrible, your Majesty."

" I know, but I 'm not holding a levée," said Boris. " Chuck 'em over to me. That 's better. Now the coat. Where 's his pass? Thanks. And now ask Miss Rykoff to come back."

" Yes, Sir."

Boris closed his eyes for a moment, trying to conjure up her beauty. Then she was standing there, more lovely than any fantasy.

The King tried to be matter-of-fact.

" They came," he said. " Thank you for what you did."

" It 's easy to do what you want," she said, barely audible.

" You saved my life, for what it 's worth," said Boris, " and Andrew's, too."

" Yes, Miss," agreed Andrew. " And I 've an 'orror of death."

" From what I could hear," suggested Tamar to Andrew, " you didn't let that worry you."

" Thank you, Miss. Much obliged."

" When you 've finished flattering that rascal Andrew," broke in the King, " perhaps you 'd take a look at me. Could I pass myself off for Ternheim? "

Tamar looked the King up and down. " The clothes help," she said, " and you 're about the height. But you must be wounded in the head. Cover the cheekbones well with a bandage, and the ears. His stick out more."

" Thanks," said Boris. " Bandage, Andrew. And how does he speak, Tamar? Any tricks or phrases? He only swore at me."

" Speak slowly," advised Tamar, " with a slight stammer now and then. More of a hesitation really. Tell me, are you going to Mancuvin? "

The King nodded. " I can't resist it," he said. " I 've got to do something drastic, and do it soon."

" Have you got a plan? "

" The glimmerings," replied Boris. " I think Mancuvin is going to make a broadcast to the people, and I want to get at him first."

" I think Mancuvin 's bluffing," said Tamar. " He 's got control of power here in the capital by surprise and speed, but if you could break through to the provinces it might be a different story."

" You 've got something there," replied Boris. " No messages are getting out. No cars are getting out, except Party ones. I wonder. Andrew!

" Your Majesty? "

" You can drive a car, though damned badly. Any ' Special ' can commandeer a vehicle. You have Stefan's pass, and so you shall get through to Count Markoff."

Andrew shuddered. " Tell me what I 'ave to do," he said, with resignation.

" As soon as we get a car," explained Boris, " you 're to drive like hell to Count Markoff's. Tell him I 'm alive and kicking and that I refuse to abdicate. Leave the rest to him. Meanwhile, I shall try a game on at this end. D'you understand? "

" Yes, Sir."

" Good," said Boris. " Then we 'll go. Come along, Tamar. You 're my prisoner now. I 've caught you red-handed, trying to save that reactionary obstructionist, King Boris! "

The panels were cracking and splitting. The lock was being levered out of its socket and, as the door caved in, armed guards burst through

He flung open the outer door of his suite, and the sentry challenged the group.

" 'Ullo, 'alt! Not so fast, you blokes and the lidy."

Boris feigned savage anger. " Blockhead! " he roared, showing Ternheim's pass. " Don't you know a ' Special ' ? "

" Mebbe I do and mebbe I don't," said the man, standing his ground.

" Out of my way! " stormed Boris. " This woman, this traitor, is under arrest. I take her to Mancuvin . . ."

" There 's been some funny business going on," insisted the sentry. " If you 've 'urt that bloke in there——"

" Meaning the ex-King? " exclaimed Boris.

" What if I do? 'E 's a yuman being, that bloke, which is more than some are. When I tell the boys in the guard-room what a punch 'e can pack, and then pass round the beer——"

" Swine! Enemy of the people! Bourgeois lackey! " raved Boris, and then crumpled up with laughter.

" You 're a fine Communist! My word! I 'm the King."

" Blimey——! "

And Boris was off like a tornado, dragging with him Andrew and Tamar. In five minutes they were outside the Palace, for no guard dared to resist the special passes. Not so far off a large car was parked by the kerb.

" Get out," rapped Boris to the driver.

" But I have work to do. My business."

" Out! " said Boris again, in a voice of steel. " Out, or the concentration camp."

The man crawled out. " When do I get my car again? " he cringed.

" There is no (*Continued on page 51*)

Round a table at Potsdam in 1945. The first meeting of the Big Three conference. Marshal Stalin the Russian leader is seated at the table on the right; behind him stands M. Gusev, Russian Ambassador in London; seated on his right is M. Molotov, with M. Vyshinsky. President Truman is in the left centre, with some of the American delegates. Mr. Churchill is seated on the far side of the table; on his right are Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Alexander Cadogan (who then was Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs); on his left are Major A. H. Birse (interpreter) and Mr. Clement Attlee who soon after this meeting became Prime Minister

Men Round A Table

By Guy Livingston

Round a table in Vienna 1814. A reproduction of the official painting by Isabey of the Congress of Vienna. The group includes the Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, Talleyrand and Count Metternich (*Picture Post Library*)

THESE are times when the world's attention is apt to be centred on a handful of men round a table. On a dozen occasions in the last ten years the statesmen and leaders of the Great Powers, short-circuiting the usual diplomatic channels, have met face to face in Europe, America, North Africa and Asia to hammer out vital problems of war and peace. It is the new diplomacy—and, when relations are strained, diplomacy without frills, in which the talking is straight and the bargaining hard.

This summer four men, with Stalin an occasional fifth, have sat round a table behind closed doors in the Kremlin, discussing matters of moment to millions of people, while the nations they represented wondered anxiously if they were agreeing or just agreeing to differ. There was similar speculation a decade ago when four other men were meeting in Munich.

Memory harks back to Munich and the two Chamberlain-Hitler conferences of September, 1938, that led up to it, as the beginning of this era of personal exchanges between national leaders. One remembers how it all started with Chamberlain climbing, with rolled umbrella, into his plane at Heston, bound for Berchtesgaden and Hitler. One recalls Godesberg a week later, when the two faced each other once again; and a week after that, the final dramatic talks in the Bavarian capital, with Daladier and Mussolini at the table too.

The Allied conferences of the second World War have, with these three, passed into history. From the 1941 Atlantic meeting to the Yalta conference of 1945 they stand out as milestones in the progress of the war. The mere news of them brought new hope to the Allies in dark days, and the plans that were hatched at them caused, step by step, the downfall of the Axis powers.

To make these essential personal contacts and effectively map out the successive stages of the war the Allied leaders were driven to travel far afield and gather in unlikely places—Churchill and Stalin in Moscow; Churchill and Roosevelt in Casablanca, Washington and Cairo; all three of them in Teheran and Yalta. But around the table at Potsdam, when war was no longer on the agenda, Stalin was the only old campaigner. In the hour of triumph Roosevelt was dead and Churchill no longer Britain's representative. (*Continued on page* 58)

Scandinavian Siren

Norway, Sweden And Denmark Are Doing Everything To Attract Tourists By Extending To Them Priority And Privilege

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE boat rounded another wooded islet, and there was Bergen nestling at the foot of the dark green pine hills. It looked quaint and pretty as a city scooped out of a Hans Andersen story. There was even a dragon's lair, squatted at the fjord's rim, with a hint of fabulous marine monsters lurking in sunless black water deep beyond the enormous low cavern mouth, and a suggestion of some gigantic conflict in the wrecked corner of the fifteen-foot concrete roof.

"Our U-boat lair," the man beside me at the rail volunteered. "The Allied bombers tried to get it, twice. I was in the town when they came over the second time. A hundred and fifty of them flying low around the hill. They hit it with a six-ton bomb, and only made a dent. The city started to demolish it last year. But they gave up. Too tough, maybe. Or it would take too long and cost too much. Or, maybe, our Defence people think we'll need it ourselves for third World War."

But I believe the town decided to keep it as a tourist attraction. The three Scandinavian countries are preening themselves, and going after tourists like the three goddesses competing for Paris's golden apple. The tourists have what they need—pounds, dollars, Swiss francs, "hard" currency.

In Norway, when I mentioned Denmark as a rival, they shrugged and said the Norwegian sun has twice the tanning power of Danish sun, and the Danes themselves throng to Norway. Why? For the mountains and fjords, and any one of sixty-six brands of good whisky (in Denmark after a bar-tender explained

Dancing at the Skanson, Stockholm. The big hotels have dancing only once a week, but the Swedes take their dancing gaily. The males don't go in for evening dress, but the womenfolk compensate with elaborate hair-dos

(*On right*) In the Opera House restaurant, Stockholm. Bread, fats, soap, meat, sugar, coffee, tea and petrol are rationed, and the restaurants ask for ration tickets at all meals. There are no night clubs, no casinos, no public-houses in Sweden, but the liquor rules do not apply to visitors

(*On left*) The head office of the Swedish newspaper *Stockholms - Tidningen*. In the foreground are motor launches which take tourists for trips on the lake of the Venice of the North

...at the bottle with what ...oked like a Black-and-White ...bel contained Danish - type "whisky" — "not the real ...tuff, sir").

In Denmark, they said the ...orwegians crowded over to enjoy beef, ...utton, veal and pork, Norway being ...most meatless; and the Swedes for the ...n of bar-drinking (no bars in Sweden; ...e law says you must eat with your ...cktail or cognac, but in the tourist-haunted good grills they'll serve you a ...ink if you sit down to it, and look like a ...rd-currency tourist).

And in Sweden they said: "Denmark ...nd Norway as tourist centres? Ha-ha. The Danes and Norwegians come here themselves in droves. Stockholm is the Paris of the North. And have you seen our shops?"

Still, they have one thing in common. It's priority and privilege for the tourist. Norway works hardest at it, her need being greatest. They can't give you steaks and chops, but when you order smoked salmon they bring you a half-pound of it, and when you come down to breakfast you find a banquet-table loaded with every conceivable kind of fish, with piles of toast and various kinds of bread, with savoury sausage and sliced cheese, dishes of radishes and cucumbers, jams, and (outside Oslo), plenty of butter, bowls of sugar, all the milk you can drink, and eggs. Help yourself.

They're old hands at the business, of course—they've been a century in it. It's hard sledding. A dozen plane services daily can't make up for the war-lost tourist shipping. Their two boats can bring only 1,500 weekly into Bergen (eighteen hours) and Oslo (twenty-four hours) against three thousand pre-war; and they're still ten per cent down on pre-war tourist accommodation capacity.

But they keep the State-regulated tourist hotel standard as high as ever. An inspector visited a well-known one lately. He found a bottle under a bed, a kitchen not gleaming and spotless, and some other below-par items. The place was ordered to remove the designation "hotel." Only its name remained on its façade. Now the owners have overhauled the management and are spending money on renovations. They want to be back in the tourist-hotel business. Tourist hotels—fifty per cent minimum of rooms let to foreign visitors—get double rations.

I took time out, between talks on the paper-pulp and shipping industries, Norway's biggest foreign-exchange earners, to suggest to a Foreign Office man that he might render a national and international service by asking the Travel Association to induce the Grand Hotel, Oslo's biggest and best, to print their menu in English as well as Norwegian. The table d'hôte—soup, one main dish, and a sweet: price varying from 8s. to 12s.—is translated into French. But the *à la carte* card, with two dozen items, confronts the Anglo-Saxon with such culinary riddles as *Roket al m. eggerore og spinat, Fiskeboller i karrisaus m. blomkal,* and *Nysaltet skivelaks a la Appelquist m. stuede poteter,* and not all the waiters command enough English to translate.

He explained that Oslo is an isolationist island in the Norwegian tourist sea. The tourist haunts are in the mountains and fjords. On the West coast everything is in English and the servants in the tourist stations talk almost every language except Esperanto.

They're working hard to rebuild and re-equip up there, in the land of the midnight sun. Flying north in the winged boat, you can catch glimpses of the range and energy of the effort. Great stacks of fir logs and sawn lumber. The rows of neat squares and rectangles that are the concrete footings of new timber dwellings, shops, inns, and sixty-, forty- and twenty-bed tourist stations. Heaps of rock where engineers toil on new roads and power stations (in a few years Oslo, drawing power from generators deep down in atomic bomb-proof (*Continued on page 52*)

(*Below*) The Tivoli, Stockholm's Coney Island, where bright lights, music and fairs abound, but everything has to close down by midnight

King Street, with lights up: the Piccadilly of Stockholm

The Sea Bed Is Wonderful

By Ferdinand Tuohy

IT was a brilliant, still day, hardly a ripple in the cove of the lesser Riviera, where we were picnicking. Suddenly we saw the same thing : a couple of stems about twenty inches out of the water. They had appeared round a rocky corner about ten yards out, and some splashing followed them.

"Might be tiny periscopes." "Or the antennae of an outsize sea-spider."

But we weren't really mystified, though for a moment the sight was slightly uncanny—and laughable. Here was old *homo sapiens* up to something new ! What did he think he was doing now? Spotting lobsters under his own power?

No ! Studying the sea-bed. That's what the two young things shouted they were doing, as soon as they had touched bottom and removed their headpieces. How funny they had looked just before doing so : two helmeted heads, each with a thin pipe sticking up from the forehead, the upper half of the face covered by glass, and the lower by a breathing-plug.

Ashore, we made the two French girls re-don their gear above their bronzed and brassiered bodies, when they looked really Wellsian.

"*C'est la mode*" pirouetted one.

"*Le nu look*" punned the other in that in-and-out English which is a relic of the war. She went on, occasionally in French :

"We do this for the novelty and the beauty, not for the sport. The men shoot the harpoon under water but they nearly always miss or will just wound the fish or crustacean. With this apparatus we can see perhaps five, six metres (twenty feet) down, on a beautiful sunshiny day like this. Everything comes out under water when the sun shines through. The crabs even are no longer enraged but dance ! Plant life, animal life, each *lives*. But you must know a little marine biology.

"This morning what we do? We swim by bits perhaps half an hour from the next bay and look down perhaps altogether for five minutes."

"What did you see?"

"We see only one fish, one crustacean (a crab it was), and one *pourpre* (small octopus). But we observe graceful forms and lovely colours in the clear water just below us, for distance does not exist like on land. We observe the seaweeds and the tangles and the animals of . . . of moss. All alive and colourful. They lose form and colour when left in pools by the tide. *Enfin c'est du nouveau! N'est-ce-pas, Jeanne?* And now we must be going!"

Of course it isn't as new as all that. First-hand information of the sea-bed has been collected from divers these many years. The first person really to publicize the sea-bed, however, was probably the American. Beebe, in the early 'thirties. Leaving aside his own freak descents in his bathysphere, he gave pictures of such strange life and beauty even at quite slender depth, as to kindle the imagination.

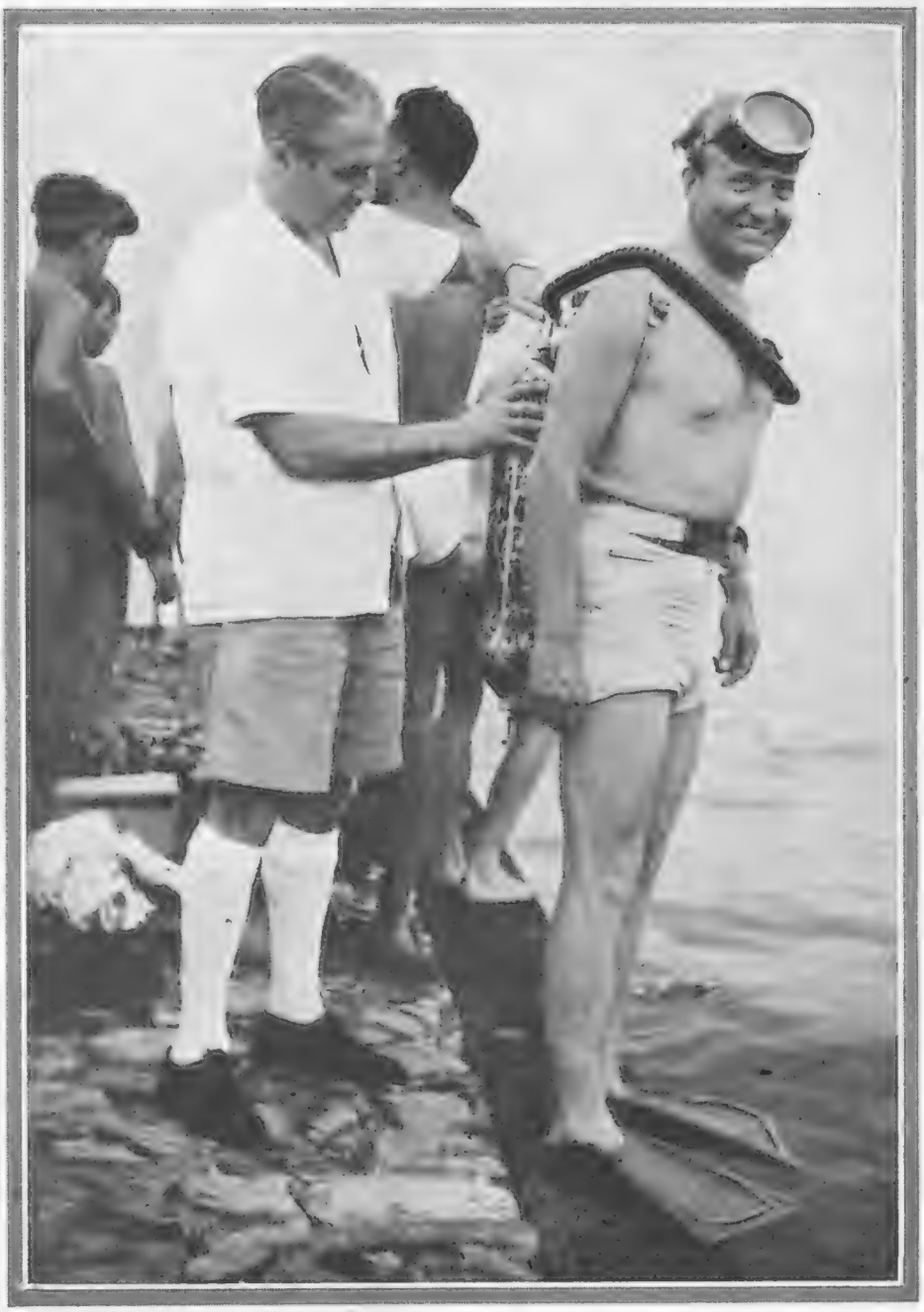
So there followed boats with glass bottoms through which tourists obtained glimpses of seaweeds, sea-fans and firs, a modest display of the commoner corals and specimens of tropical fish. Connoisseurs scoffed at the whole performance. What a cheapening, what an idea to give, of the glories and the mysteries of the real sea-bed only a few extra fathoms down—maybe not even that. In quite shallow waters were to be found demonstrations of life far more astounding and intricate than any on land, together with the most bizarre growths and fantastic rock formations and caves.

A FAVOURITE tale of the connoisseurs, I recall, treated with a slight misconception on the part of Victor Hugo when, in *Toilers of the Sea*, he wrote of the famous cave in the Roches Douvres, Jersey, that "the walls are splashed with crimson stain as if giants had been fighting there."

"No such thing" retorted the subaqueous experts. "Merely patches of blood-coloured ascidians or sea-squirts that cover large areas of the rocks, especially in caves or grottoes close inshore."

I always remember that one, because it went on to say what a sea-squirt was : as near being one of our ancestors as anything yet found, even to having a heart and brain, eyes and ears, and to growing blind, deaf and brainless in the end. In France they are called "violets of the rocks" and form one of the more plebeian offerings at "fruits of the sea" restaurants. But to proceed with the Bahamas which, with the Grand Barrier Reef running hundreds of miles from the Australian coast, has contributed most to under-water exploration :

Those glass-bottomed boats proved too tame for the sport-minded who evolved "hat" diving in (*Continued on page* 54)



Group Captain Donaldson, R.A.F. ace who broke the world speed record in 1946 with more than 600 miles per hour, is seen training at Cannes on the French Riviera, for an attempt on another world record, for deep diving. He is being helped with his special breathing equipment before a dive

No Orchards For Miss Breve

At School She Was Nick-Named Orgy But She Should Really Have Been Called Eve

By Jacques Gillies

WHEN the Great Reaper leaned down and collected Rupert Breve to make up a stook, it caused a ripple of dimensions that would have undoubtedly pleased the old rogue. Rupert Breve was a viscount, the tenth of his line. The news produced its several effects in different parts of the country.

In her small Mayfair flat, Orgy Breve shed a tear. She had been closest to Rupert in temperament, and at twenty-three she was a beauty with a charm to match. August Breve, (she had been nick-named "Orgy" with that prophetic flair which schoolgirls have), collected men. She received the news characteristically surrounded by a male court comprising a Conservative M.P. who successfully managed his constituency from Mayfair, a brilliant poet of the modern school, and a rich young American canning magnate.

There may have been lesser dignitaries present also, but the lot of them, looking suitably tragic, were pushed out into a chilly wind which happened to be blowing up Grosvenor Street. Orgy Breve then spent a sad hour with the ghost of her kinsman and painstakingly regretted each one of her single omissions over the preceding year. After which, she sensibly dried her eyes, consumed a bottle of Graves in company with her aging maidservant to whom Rupert had been a god, and slipped out unaccompanied to a theatre.

The ripple reached as far north as Scotland, here it bumped Andrew Grant. He passed thoughtfully from the Post Office in Rothesay, where he had learned the news, to a nearby pub. He stared into the amber of his whisky until he heard the ghostly whisper at his elbow, "Confusion to Stanley Baldwin!" Then he lifted his glass and drank the whisky.

It had been the old man's only toast ever since the ill-fated election of 1923, and it was, strangely enough, the only remark Rupert Breve had ever addressed to him. Andrew Grant was the gardener's son from the home in Hampshire. More correctly, he was the son of the gardener's wife, no discredit to her for better women had been bested by Rupert Breve.

Rupert had generously honoured the outcome of her dishonour. Andrew Grant had been educated abroad and when the war broke out, commissioned to a Regiment of Guards. When the ceremonial whisky was finished, Andrew Grant walked two miles along the coast to where his forty-foot ketch was moored. It was the extent of his worldly possessions. He spent the rest of the day fishing.

At the Athenaeum it was proudly said that Rupert Breve had gone out well. By which it was meant that his passing had superseded the passing of the after-dinner port. This tribute having been pronounced, the assembled members hastily ordered port for themselves, in case that somewhat shiftless deity, responsible for striking down members of the Athenaeum, might be contemplating a further sally.

IT must have been some months before Rupert Breve really began to enjoy the effects of his going. And it was probably on a lazy autumn afternoon when the traditional cases of fruit were delivered at Miss Breve's flat from the orchards in Hampshire. The assembled company was almost the same as that present on the previous occasion, with the addition only of a Brigadier from the War Office. They were sipping cocktails compounded with a brand of orange juice sent especially from America to Bernard Lank. It was sent, unaccountably, to encourage him to write more poetry. Mr. Lank, in a soft dripping voice and, indeed, a voice which was having much the same effect as the drip torture, was reading his latest epic poem.

A strange note which had accompanied the fruit was brought in. The company stirred relievedly, while the dripping of Mr. Lank was cut off. Finger to lip, the lady studied the neatly worded document which was to the effect that future

ANDREW GRANT looked at her closely for the first time. Orgy Breve turned her head towards the trees giving him an exquisite profile. Andrew was unmoved

consignments of fruit would be available at the current market prices.

Miss Breve, very much bewildered, invited the opinion of her worshippers. "But they're my orchards, what does it mean?"

The Brigadier, who traced all irregularities to one source, made his usual remark. "It's those damned reds again!"

Mr. Lank made faint attempts to continue with his poem and was silenced by the Conservative M.P. who was anxiously waiting for someone else to put forward a policy.

It was left to the canning magnate to solve the problem. "Why not ring up your solicitor?" said Bradford E. Parsted, whose school-fellows had had a rare time of it.

From his eerie in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Angelus Markham listened to the presumption. Finally he said, "As a matter of fact, Miss Breve, his lordship bequeathed the orchards to a Mr. Andrew Grant."

"And who in heaven's name is Mr. Andrew Grant?"

"Er . . . he was the gardener's son, Miss Breve."

"Oh, the one. . . ."

"Yes, yes," said the solicitor hastily. "I remember at the time, his lordship made some remark about forbidden fruit." He gave the dry chuckle that was expected of him.

"Oh well, I'll go down and buy them back. This sort of thing is intolerable."

"If you would like us to act in the matter . . ." began Angelus Markham.

"I don't think so," said Miss Breve, holding out an exquisite leg for inspection, "I think I can do it cheaper than you can."

"Very well, Miss Breve."

As she set down the receiver, the others gathered round, all except the Brigadier who had become stricken ever since the leg had appeared.

"I shall have to go down this week-end I'm afraid." Orgy's voice was thoughtful.

"By golly, I'll come with you," said the Brigadier.

Miss Breve frowned. "I think I can manage. . . ."

"I'm not doing anything." Mr. Hamptonbury, the Conservative M.P. yawned.

Mr. Parsted said, "We could all use my Cadillac?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Hamptonbury.

"Honestly, I can manage." Miss Breve was perturbed now.

"No, by Jove! We're all in this together." The Brigadier stood up. "We'll have a council of war."

The Brigadier was on home ground. Mr. Hamptonbury made his excuses and departed for the House. Bernard Lank refolded his poem sadly, and, charged with orange juice, went home to his garret. It was the Brigadier's day.

IN a detached villa on Campden Hill, the Brigadier was saying to his wife, "I shall be away for the week-end, Harriet. I am inspecting a battle-ground in the West." The "Harriet" made it official; usually she was "Mem."

"Oh, must you dear?" She was distressed.

"I'm sorry." He buckled on his Sam Browne in the hall, pecked at her after the manner of a French officer, and strode masterfully out to the Staff car.

Mrs. Barker-Lyle watched the car drive off and went thoughtfully upstairs. She took the pot plant from the front bedroom window and stood it on the floor. The pot was of a portly shape and brick red. She was humming as she walked downstairs again.

ANDREW GRANT, the pruning shears between his teeth, was high in an apple tree with his father. Mr. Grant senior, whose cheeks were as red and speckled as the fruit themselves, was maintaining in a shrill descant over the creaking boughs, the manner in which trees should be pruned. Andrew Grant listened with one ear only. The other ear, a short time ago, had registered the arrival of a small army at the Manor House; and his eyes, green through the green leaves, had watched the small vociferous pack

Illustrations

follow the mistress of the hunt up the steps. He felt like a treed fox.

An hour later Andrew Grant still lay balanced on a branch snipping vigorously. The old man had returned precariously to the ground and with his back to the trunk was nodding off. A manservant arrived from the Manor House. He squinted up at Mr. Grant in the apple tree.

"Why are you squinting?" said Mr. Grant. "There's no keyhole."

"Mr. Andrew Grant?" The manservant measured the words.

by Albert Bailey

The busy snip stilled for a moment. "Well?"

"Miss Breve would like to speak to you, sir."

The snipping started again. "Tell Miss Breve," said the snipper between snips, "that I am catching up on the family husbandry." He smiled wryly. "If she feels so inclined, she can come down here."

"But . . ." began the manservant.

"Beat it!"

"Very good, Mr. Grant."

The affront was delivered to an astounded audience.

When the manservant had retired, "Damned Red!" said the Brigadier.

"Should be flogged!" said the Conservative M.P.

"Horse-whipped," amended the Brigadier hastily. He was engaged in the disposal of surplus stores.

Mr. Bradford E. Parsted asked vaguely if the fruit was O.K. for canning. No one answered him.

"Wish I'd had him with my battalion at the 'Ridge'"!

The Brigadier slapped the arm of his chair as if it had been a charger's flank.

"Wish I'd had him in my constituency," said Mr. Hamptonbury, keeping up bravely.

"Oh, please," Orgy interrupted them, "You're darlings to be so helpful, but nothing can be done, I'll just have to go."

"I will go," said the Brigadier and Mr. Hamptonbury together.

"Let me," said Bernard Lank, his eyes glowing and the warm passion not quite concealing the tremor in his voice.

Bradford E. Parsted settled more comfortably in his chair. Uncle Sam could, as usual, join in later.

"I'll teach the puppy manners! Come, Hamptonbury, Lank." The Brigadier strode out of the door.

From the bay window Orgy Breve, with a medieval thrill, watched her knights set out. The Brigadier striding ahead, his buttons glistening bravely in the sun, and Mr. Hamptonbury and Bernard Lank behind, competing with each other for third place.

A hoarse voice spoke behind her. "Orgy, honey!" croaked Bradford E. Parsted. "Let's get away from all this nonsense. I'll buy the orchards for you. Give the guy ten times what they're worth. Let you and I slip away in the Cadillac for a while," he finished treacherously.

"But Bradford," the girl's eyes were downcast.

"Call me Brad. Everyone calls me Brad," he said untruthfully.

"But Brad, I can't desert my guests."

"Aw gee, honey, I can never see you alone. This is a helluva party!"

"I'm sorry, Brad."

"Can't I see you to-night for a moment? What about us meeting up in the summer-house later to-night?"

Miss Breve deliberated. "Well. . . ."

"Don't hesitate," said Bradford E. Parsted. "I'll meet you there at midnight."

The Brigadier spotted movement in the tool shed and wheeled his troop towards it. He didn't actually say "charge!" but he gave the impression he might have said it. He plunged through the long grass. Never had a knight set forward so fiercely to do battle for a lady's honour, even when the odds were not in his favour. Mr.

(*Continued on page 61*)

ANDREW GRANT was talking to Orgy on the settee under the brooding gaze of Bradford E. Parsted. For the second time that day the trio bore down upon him. "Orgy," said the Brigadier, "is this fellow annoying you?"

How Race Winners Are Bred

By Lena Ramsden

This picture taken at the National Stud, Gillingham, Dorset, shows the mare Snowberry keeping a watchful eye on a trio of foals. (Left to right) Snowberry, Lionelle's foal by Stardust, colt foal by Blue Peter out of Myrobella, and Snowberry's foal Berrylands by Bois Roussel

TO anyone who is interested in racing, the breeding of thoroughbred stock is probably the most fascinating side of this in-every-way-fascinating sport. The statement: "Winner bred by Owner," appearing in a sporting paper after a list of the runners in a Maiden Plate at a small meeting, can sometimes bring more satisfaction than leading in the winner of a big race.

Many people imagine that the breeding of thoroughbreds necessitates a vast outlay of capital; and a large establishment, with a couple of stallion paddocks and rows of boxes for resident and visiting brood mares. These conditions are desirable and necessary at an important stud; but it is possible to get a great deal of pleasure—and sometimes profit—out of two or three brood mares and a few acres of good pasture.

The natural ambition of everyone who breeds racehorses is to turn out a Classic winner—preferably the winner of the Derby! Few of us can ever hope to get as far as that—after all, there are only five Classic races each year, and it frequently happens that one animal is greedy enough to win more than one of them—but it is always pleasant to hope, and in the meantime there are plenty of other races, ranging from selling plates to big handicaps, to be going on with.

The slogan, "Blood will tell," is consistently correct in the case of the racehorse: winners of valuable races invariably come from the best stock, though of course there are innumerable instances of expensive failures: one of the most notable of these in modern times was the colt by Fairway out of Golden Hair, which was offered for sale as a yearling at Doncaster in 1936. There was keen competition to buy this animal, and finally Miss Dorothy Paget and Lady Ward (then Mrs. Corlette Glorney) were left in as the only bidders. Miss Paget secured the colt for fifteen thousand guineas, and, in the excitement of being the underbidder, Mrs. Glorney fell off her shooting stick! The colt was subsequently named, Colonel Payne, and he ran a dozen times, winning three races of little value.

A good example of the possibilities of a cheap buy, was the mare, Bombay Duck, for which my father paid ninety-eight guineas as a yearling, at the same sale at which Miss Paget bought Colonel Payne for fifteen thousand. Bombay Duck won five races, including the Wilburton Handicap of £1,000 at Newmarket, and the Craven Stakes at Goodwood, and she was second to the great Rockfel in the Aintree Derby: since retiring to stud she has bred some good winners, including Kingsclere and Platypus, who finished fifth in this year's Grand National.

When buying a brood mare, the first question is: "Do I want to breed a stayer or a sprinter?" Stayers are generally preferred, because, although there are many valuable sprint races, none of the Classics are under a mile in length, and most of the "Cup" races are over longer distances.

Another (*Continued on page* 56)

Caretta with her foal by Big Game

Myrobella, by Tetratema out of Dolobella, winner of eleven races, with her Blue Peter foal

On right:

The famous Sun Chariot who, when leased to H.M. the King, was unbeaten as a two-year-old and also won the 1,000 Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger, with Gigantic her colt foal by Big Game

Idyll at Les Charmettes

The Story of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens, the woman who helped him to fulfil his dreams

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW

WHEN Jean-Jacques Rousseau praised Mme. de Warens as the "best of women," to whom he owed the "four or five years wherein I enjoyed a century of life and of pure and full happiness," he was thinking of the summers they spent at the little farm of Les Charmettes, in the Chambéry country. It was the budding time of young genius, before the flowering and fruiting which were to make him famous and immortal, not only as author, but as precursor of the French Revolution.

They first went there, from the gloomy Chambéry house, in 1736. "The snow had scarce begun to melt," he wrote, "but we crept from our dungeon and went immediately to *Charmettes* to hear the first note of the nightingale." The house was high up a hillside, amid cattle pastures, with terraced garden, orchard vineyard and chestnut copse, poultry, a cow or two, and pet pigeons that followed him about. "Oh, Mamma," he exclaimed, "this is the abode of happiness and innocence. If we do not find both here we must seek them nowhere!"

He had called her "Mamma" from the day he presented his little note of introduction to her outside the Church of the Cordeliers in Annecy, and she took compassion on the apprentice who had fled from Geneva to escape a whipping, and gave him a home. And what a lovely lady his benefactress was! "Air caressing and tender," he noted, "look extremely mild, smile of an angel, sweet mouth, hair ash colour of uncommon beauty, smartly done, lovely hands and arms." He said, in later years, he would always remember that meeting. He'd like to see the spot marked off with golden railings and a notice: "*Here Jean-Jacques Rousseau met Madame de Warens.*" To her, from that moment, he was "Little Dear."

NOW, at *Les Charmettes*, he was twenty-four, she thirty-seven, and they were lovers. The maternal love, on her side, had given place to something stronger when she saw that the popular little music-master was likely to have his head turned, and make a fool of

Rousseau presented his little note of introduction to Mme. de Warens outside the Church of the Cordeliers in Annecy, and she took compassion on the apprentice who had fled from Geneva, and gave him a home

Mlle. de Mellarede of the dark, sparkling eyes, who received him in *déshabille*, with a flower in her looped-up hair, specially for him

himself, with the worthless townswomen and their empty-headed daughters whom he taught.

Mlle. de Mellarede of the dark, sparkling eyes, who received him in *déshabille*, with a flower in her looped-up hair, specially for him. . . . Mlle. de Menthon, who had a scald-mark on her bosom which she pretended to hide with a blue, corded handkerchief. . . . Mlle. de Charly of the lovely, carroty hair. . . . Mlle. Lard, the grocer's daughter, aloof like a Greek statue. . . . And the Countess of M——.

Pah! That scandalous woman, with her mischievous wit. Grocers' daughters, dressmakers, washerwomen! Was it for this she had cared for her Little Dear? Couldn't he see that they would only do him harm? Wasn't he worth the love of a woman who would bring out the best in him, help him to fulfil his dreams? Rather than see him spoilt, *she* would give him her love. She talked it over with him, very patiently and gravely, and Rousseau wept on her bosom. . . .

She loved from pity and compassion, he said. She never sold her favours, but gave them freely. "I drew great benefit from this love. She had till then talked to me as a child. Now she began to make me a man of the world, educated me in manners and deportment, said I would make a success of life."

Les Charmettes was the idyllic fulfilment of that love. He was up before sunrise, walking through the dewy orchard and along the Chambéry road, thanking God for nature's beauties. Returning, he looked up to see if Madame's window was open. If it was, he ran to greet her. The hot coffee was delicious after the early walk. After breakfast they sat and talked.

Sometimes they took their coffee in a little summer-house decked with a hop-vine. At the end of the garden were beehives, Rousseau read all the philosophers—Locke, Leibnitz, Descartes—voraciously; loved Virgil's *Eclogues*; studied algebra, geometry. He was always armed with books, and would leave them everywhere—in dove-house, garden, orchard, vineyard, under tree or hedge, where they were ravaged by snails or pismires.

He bought for the garden a celestial planisphere, lit at night by a candle in a bucket, so that he could study the stars, and scanned them through a telescope. He studied anatomy, and—like the poor fellow in *Three Men in a Boat*—thought he suffered from every disorder he read about, marvelling that he was alive. Above all, he was sure that his illnesses—for he was not strong—were due to "polypus on the heart." At Montpellier, he had heard, there was a physician, M. Fizes, who cured polypus. Couldn't he go there and consult him?

But the polypus didn't wholly account for the restlessness that eventually shattered the idyll and had already taken him off on visits to Nion, Geneva, Lyons. He was worried about Madame's financial straits, her madcap schemes to win independence of the Royal pension on which she precariously lived.

That bombastic fool, M. Bagueret, for example, who claimed to have served under Peter the Great in Russia, and got money out of her for secret cyphers indicating the whereabouts of a hoard of hidden treasure. . . . Others who came to her with schemes for making millions—and ended by borrowing a few francs. . . . Hadn't he pleaded with her not to listen to these impostors, feeling a responsibility now that her steward, Claude Anet, was no longer alive to give her counsel? And what had she done? Just boxed his ears, and told the *little dear* to mind his own business! She could look after herself *and* him. . . .

SO off he went to Montpellier in a huff, and in the postchaise from Grenoble . . . well, what can you do when you 're young and romantic—rather a ladies' man, in fact—and among the passengers

On right:
Sometimes Rousseau and Madame de Warens took their coffee in a little summer-house decked with a hop-vine

JACK MATTHEW

there 's a ravishing young woman in need of companionship ? After dinner at the inn *en route* they walked along the moat under the town walls, and suddenly —believe it or not—she flung her arm around his neck and kissed him !

Rousseau is emphatic that she took the initiative. " She ordered her glances with so much art," he says, " that she had seduced a statue," and adds equivocally : " You might see her and not love her, but not possess her without adoring her." He was still far from well, and fearful of not pleasing her, but need he have worried ? " Never had my eyes, senses, heart or mouth spoken so well before," he exclaims ; " never did I so amply repair my faults." And presumably his polypus.

Also in the postchaise was a Marquis who ragged him mecilessly about the affair, and in sending a lackey forward to book rooms at the inns, put himself next to the charmer and Rousseau at the far end of the house. But that didn't trouble Jean-Jacques ; it made the clandestine meetings all the more poignant. After four or five days of this delightful romancing he could say with fervour : " I am indebted to Madame N—— for not having died without knowing pleasure."

Pleasure ? Yes, that was the psychological difference. He had always been shy of loving " Mamma," an experienced woman well ahead of his years ; he could never forget the

(*Continued on page* 51.)

On his return from Montpellier Rousseau soon discovers he has been supplanted. Well, if he must go, he must, says Madame de Warens gravely, but hadn't he neglected her, often going off on journeys ?

Abbotsford

Romantic Home Of Sir Walter Scott

By Sheila G. Forman

Photographs by Patrick Forman

The dining-room with a view towards the Tweed. It was here that Sir Walter Scott died in 1832. (*At top of page*) A view of Abbotsford with the Eilden Hills in the background

An old door and lintel from Edinburgh Tolbooth, presented to Sir Walter Scott when the prison was pulled down in 1817

SOME houses achieve fame by the hand of the architect, and others have it thrust upon them by their owners. Abbotsford, "perhaps the most incongruous pile that gentlemanly modernism, ever designed," as Ruskin described it, has become the chief shrine of the Border country and the most visited house in Scotland as the home of Sir Walter Scott.

Abbotsford was Scott's creation as surely as any one of his novels. In the year 1811 he bought a little farm of a hundred acres which lay in a hollow by the River Tweed on the road between Selkirk and Melrose, which was known as Clarty Hole, meaning in Scots, Dirty Hole. Some of his friends thought him ill-advised in his purchase but Scott's imagination had been fired by this remote spot in the heart of the Borderland of legend where the last clan battle had been fought in 1526 between the Scotts and their hereditary enemies the Kers. Here also, was a place that could be "made"; material and setting for a romantic dwelling after Scott's own heart.

Abbotsford was at first only to be a country cottage. Scott wrote to a friend, "My dreams about my cottage go on. My present intention is to have only two spare rooms with dressing-rooms, each of which, on a pinch, will have a couch-bed; but I cannot relinquish my Border principles of accommodating all the cousins and 'duniwastles' who will rather sleep on the floor and in the hay-loft than be absent when folks are gathered together."

The transformation of Clarty Hole into Abbotsford spread over a number of years. By 1817 the Dream Cottage had been abandoned and the romantic castle was growing. The foundations of the present house were laid and Scott mentions that his guest Sir David Wilkie, the painter, "admires the whole as a composition and that is high praise from such an authority," although Lockhart, his future son-in-law and biographer, a sterner critic, commented on the "fantastic appearance of the building."

By this time Scott's first financial troubles had appeared on the horizon. Practical and shrewd in many ways, Scott never mastered the business side of his literary work. Personal relationships,

(*Continued on page* 56)

The north side of Abbotsford showing the new wing in the far right-hand corner, built by Sir Walter Scott's grandson

International Incident

It Had To Take A Yank To Find Out Something About London Which A Mere Londoner Had Never Heard Of

By Robert Winston

I'VE got into trouble about it more than once, but I like Americans.

It's something of a confession to make in certain quarters on this side, just as I believe it is on theirs if anyone happens to have a good word to say for us, but I like them all the same, in spite of everything—even their *Way of Life*, and what James Rutt did to me only the other day.

I was moored on my ex-Naval M.L. in Pringle's Dock at the time, just up the Thames from the Oxford and Cambridge boat race finish, and I had been trying to convert her into something habitable ever since being demobbed.

Pringle's was a foul little dock—really nothing more than a muddy creek off the river, fringed with grass-grown craters and rubble from the blitz; my M.L. was falling to pieces through green-timber construction, worm, and collision with the Dunkirk defences on a rescue trip during the war. Then I had an appointment with death that evening in the shape of Pringle and a final demand notice for payment of his fantastic bill, and Betty Scott was coming almost every day to what she called "Look after you." That, in a nutshell, was my position at the moment, so you may imagine I was rather depressed about the whole thing.

Then Rutt came.

He just happened, that's all. Betty was swabbing the deck in a bathing suit at the time, and I was below.

"There's a man up here," she hissed down through the skylight, "whistling."

I asked what he wanted.

"I don't know," she said. "I think you'd better come up and see."

So I did.

He was long and lean, in an ancient American uniform that didn't seem to touch him anywhere, and he was squatting on the ground staring at my boat. Well, other people had admired my boat because of her record—and the marks of it I admit I had carefully left on her bow as a sort of wound-stripe. But otherwise she was nothing to look at, and why an American who couldn't have known anything about her should be interested, I couldn't think.

"Do you want anything?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, and I hadn't thought it possible to take so long over a word of one syllable. "I'd like to have a look at her."

I nearly asked him what for, but didn't. Somehow he looked so pathetically alone, especially after the boisterous swarms of him I had seen during the war. So I took him down to the saloon and a near-beer. Betty had vanished.

"You've sure been through something besides the war," he said, "and I hate to see it."

"So do I," I said, and we seemed to instinctively change the subject. Politics these days are an endless trail, leading nowhere, and I think we both sensed it.

"This is what I call a home," he said, looking round the chaos of my saloon after Pringle's efforts at conversion. "If only I had something like it to go back to. . . ." He produced a bottle of whisky from apparently nowhere. "I don't want to insult your beer, but. . . ."

"You can't," I said. "When!" But he didn't stop.

"The trouble with what you call my home," I said, "is a man called Pringle," and I found myself telling him the whole grizzly story of Pringle's attempted robbery scheduled for that evening—how if I didn't pay he could seize my boat, and how I wasn't going to pay that amount of money for work he hadn't done, even if I could.

Rutt seemed interested.

"Racket, uh?" He flung an open carton of cigarettes—yes, cigarettes—on the table between us. "That's a thing I ought to know something about."

"What you *can't* know about is Pringle," I said, "and as far as I can see he's inside the law, and I'm not."

"What law?"

"You wouldn't understand," I told him. "We don't understand. Nobody understands."

"Too bad," Rutt muttered, "a man losing his home and—and everything for a law that doesn't make sense. If we don't understand a thing we check up on it."

"Of course you do. That's one of the beauties of the American *Way of Life*. You can check up. We can't. We have to swallow everything whole and try to digest it."

"Well," he said, "I was studying law before induction, and I haven't seen one yet without a hole in it."

I wanted to hear more, but Betty came in, and Americans being champions of feminism—as well as most other sports—Rutt transferred his attention to her.

Betty did all she ever needed to do, sat down and looked nice.

I was in two minds about Betty—probably because she seemed in no two minds about me. She was very nice to look at, as I've just said, but rather possessive and overpowering for my taste. Besides, I was fond of the boat . . . and women and poor men's boats don't mix.

"If I'm not interrupting," she said, which of course she was, "I wanted to ask Mr.— Mr.—"

"Rutt," said Rutt.

"—— Mr. Rutt, about nylons."

So I went into the galley and had a look in the safe. When I got back with my entire rations made into sandwiches, Rutt got down to business. I wondered why he had come aboard, and now he told me. He was looking for suitable room and board, and my *Way of Life* suited him. He said he might be useful to have around, and he would pay whatever I thought right. What did I think of the proposition?

Well, in spite of a sharp pain in my shin where Betty kicked it under the table, I said I should be delighted. I was, and I couldn't see what Betty had against it.

"O.K.," said Rutt, and got up. "I must get busy. I'll be back this evening with my junk."

Then he went, and Betty turned on me.

"If that man comes to stay," she said in a tight little voice, "I don't."

I asked her why.

"Because I don't like him."

I asked her why again.

"For one thing," she said, "he whistled at me."

"You ought to be tickled to death about that," I pointed out. "It's the American method of showing approval."

"I don't want their approval, and I don't

like their method of showing it," she said with some heat.

"I can't help that," I told her. "I like them."

"I see," she said with a sudden air of submission that rather surprised me. "Then you want me to be nice to him."

"Naturally," I said, "as nice as one ought to be to a guest—especially a paying guest."

"O.K.," she said for the first time I had ever heard her, and our little difference seemed to end there. We might have had quite a pleasant evening if it hadn't been for the Pringle menace.

"What are you going to about it?" she asked.

Frankly, I didn't know. I was in Pringle's Dock, and at Pringle's mercy, and Pringle had about as much mercy as a boa-constricter. But I wasn't going to let Betty know that.

"I have a plan," I said, "a plan of action."

"Oh, do tell me!" Curiosity is always a trump.

"Women and plans don't jell," I told her.

She digested that for a moment, then looked through the porthole with a far-away look and said, "I wish Mr. Rutt was here."

Well, you know what things like that do to a man, so we were still wrangling when a tremor through the boat told me that Pringle was on the gangplank.

I knew his step on the deck better than Betty's. It had the mock decorum of an undertaker's, and his knock on the sliding hatch was in keeping. He could just squeeze below, and the settee springs sang as he sat down.

"Well," he said genially, "how are we to-day?"

"I don't know how you are," I said, "but I'm still bearing up, thanks."

"I'm glad to hear that," he said, "very glad. It would be a pity if a sporting young yachtsman like you started to bear down, wouldn't it?"

He thought that funny, because he laughed, and the springs sang again. I managed to say nothing for once, and found it paid dividends. It shifts the burden of argument to your opponent.

"And it makes things so much more pleasant all round if you bear up . . . face facts and figures, meet your obligations with a smile. . . ."

I still kept a masterly silence.

". . . Nobody likes doing unpleasant things, but if one is forced to, well, it makes everyone unhappy, doesn't it?"

I don't know how long he would have gone on talking in circles like that, but quite suddenly I decided I wasn't going to wait and see. Betty would find out whether she needed any help from Mr. Rutt when there was action in the offing.

"Mr. Pringle," I said, "I should like to talk to you as man to man."

"Nothing would please me more," he said.

"I rather doubt that," I said, "but I'm going to do it for both our sakes. I think it would be good for us." He was listening most attentively. "You really came here to say, 'I've got you where you belong, you young fool. Pay me or else,' and my

Illustrations by Dudley Pout

AN American in an ancient uniform was squatting on the ground staring at my boat. "Do you want anything," I asked him. "Yes," he said, and I hadn't thought it possible to take so long over a word of one syllable. "I'd like to have a look at her"

reply to that is, 'Not on your life, you old robber.' Don't you think we had better come to an understanding on that basis?"

I don't know what I expected to happen, but I should have been wrong, anyway. He just sat there staring up at the beams with his neck-tyres overflowing his collar at the back, then said, "You'll be sorry for this, young man—very sorry," and made a sort of stage exit.

The moment he had gone, Betty came in, and I turned to her for at least a word of approbation.

"What have you done?" she wailed.

"Something I've been wanting to do for a very long time," I said, "told Pringle exactly where he gets off."

"What did he say?"

"He said I should be sorry for it."

"Well, perhaps you will. What are you going to do now?"

"I haven't thought it out yet."

"Then what was your marvellous plan?"

Useful questions women throw up when you're in a jam, and by the same token, that's what you get for a bit of action. I turned to the dregs of Rutt's bottle.

HE came back soon after Pringle left, and asked me how the interview had gone. I told him.

"Fine," he said, "my bet is he's gone to get the writ of attachment on this boat right away, and it'll take him twenty-four hours. We must get cracking. I've been checking up."

"Where?"

"At police headquarters."

"Police *what?*" I yelled with nothing of the Englishman's alleged phlegm.

"Headquarters," Rutt drawled, "that's what they call it. Your British pubs are something—nothing like 'em back home. A river cop told me everything I wanted to know."

"Oh," I said, "so a river cop told you everything you wanted to know. . . ."

"That's just what I've said. He loved spilling himself about this little stream of his to a dumb Yank. It's all set. If we can get down river to Chelsea Reach—it's where Whistler used to paint—you'll be out of trouble, or anyway, your trouble will go to a different court, and you'll be able to stall Pringle till the cows come home. It's like a crook crossing into another State on our side."

I didn't much like the reference to the crook, but the rest was interesting, and I finally sieved from this jumble of information that Chelsea Reach was on the far side of the boundary line between the Thames Conservancy up river and the Port of London Authority down, and that they each have different by-laws governing river control. Of course, it had to take a Yank to find out something about London which a mere Londoner had never heard of. I nearly embraced him, and Betty did—which I thought rather overdoing it.

But it was one thing to see a way out, and another to get out, with Pringle on the ball. It would be dark in about an hour—or as dark as an English summer night ever is—and there was a lot to be done.

We started on the moorings. The chain came up all right, but where it ought to have been shackled to the main mooring it was welded instead. Pringle, of course, one day while I was away.

I don't know if you've ever tried to manhandle your way through half-inch iron without proper tools and against time. If you have, you'll know what I mean. Rutt and I agreed that there had been nothing like it during the war. Then, just as we'd finished, Betty came up to

I MADE for the door, but with the gentlest possible motion of the hand the sergeant shut it. "If you don't mind, sir," he said

report that there was "something queer" about the engine.

She was right. There was something very queer about that engine. It started like nobody's business, but when I shoved it into gear it raced its head off, and the propeller didn't bite the water at all.

Rutt came down and had a look, said nothing, and went on deck again. I heard him stamping aft, and there was a moment's silence. Then he came back and told me that the reason why the propeller wasn't biting was that we had no propeller.

We just looked at each other as I imagine they do at a U.N.O. Conference when they come up against the Russian veto.

"Yes, Sir!" said Rutt, and sat down in the bilge.

I joined him, (*Continued on page* 64)

A fox coming out of its lair. This animal is well equipped for getting its living. Alert, agile, resourceful, it soon captures a meal when out on a foray

Reynard The Fox

He's Not As Black As He's Painted

By Frank Lane

ALTHOUGH some farmers, gamekeepers and poultry owners would not be sorry to see the fox become extinct in Britain there are few people who would share their sentiments. Foxes are almost part of the landscape, and a passing glimpse of that golden-red coat as Reynard streaks for cover always gives a minor thrill to any lover of our wild life. It is true that foxes have a taste for game and other forbidden flesh but let it always be remembered that they also destroy various animal pests. Their toll of mice and rats alone saves untold damage to our crops and livestock, and their attacks on the rabbit population help to prevent these prolific rodents from becoming so numerous as to constitute a pest, as has happened, for example, in Australia. And on the credit side of the vulpine balance sheet there must also be recorded the not inconsiderable value of the fox fur industry, a business which throughout the world has a turn-over of several million pounds per year.

THE fox is one of the largest of our wild animals, a large specimen being eclipsed only by our badgers and wild deer. The average dog fox weighs about a stone, but sometimes a giant nearly twice this weight is found. From tip of nose to end of brush (no, not "tail" where the fox is concerned!) a big fox will measure four feet, the big, heavy appendage accounting for over a foot. A fox's brush is much more than a beautiful ornament: it plays a very important part in the animal's life. So much so that Ernest Thompson Seton, the famous American naturalist who died recently, said that a fox could not survive a winter without it. Foxes sleep more or less in the open throughout the year; no deep underground refuge like the badger's sett for them, still less the bear-like hibernation. But when nights are cold the fox's heavy fur and layers of fat protect his body,

A baby fox. They are very pretty-looking animals when young

A fox on the alert. Notice the big, heavy brush, as the tail of a fox is called. In the winter the well-furred brush acts as an admirable nose and foot warmer

and the well-furred brush acts as an admirable nose and foot warmer, and probably as a "respirator" as well.

But that is only one use of the brush. When the fox is descending a steep hill-side it acts as a sort of balancing pole, being switched from side to side after the manner of a tight-rope walker's pole. When the fox wants to make a sudden turn when running at speed the brush again comes into use, and when swimming it is used as a rudder.

Another story is told of foxes from time to time which professional

(*Continued on page* 58)

Discretion

Sometimes The Better Part Of Valour But In This Case The Better Part Of Justice

By C. V. Tench

AS Constable Crane of the Mounted swung along behind his dogs that morning he was thinking of two men he knew. Shortly, it was so fated, he was to find his thoughts concerned with a dead man, only the third man would be a stranger—shot to death.

The two men occupying Crane's thoughts at the moment were Joe Dubose and Frank Riddell. Joe Dubose, a Northerner born and bred, he had known for years. A husky, jovial dog-runner, his whole life was centred in his wife and children who lived on the mink ranch he owned at the end of the railroad at Waterways, some twelve hundred miles south. Each winter, Joe augmented the returns from his mink ranch by driving the mails to Tiguactig, one of the longest and toughest of all northern runs.

On this morning's patrol, Crane was discreetly tailing Joe. In the mail bags on his sled were four money parcels each containing twenty-five thousand dollars in bills of small denomination; the annual consignment of Indian Treaty money being forwarded by registered mail to the Indian Agent at Tiguactig. It is not the practice of the authorities to advertise exceptionally valuable loads such as Joe's by supplying an armed guard, but members of the Mounted strung along a mail route are expected to maintain surreptitious surveillance.

Joe's last halt had been at Frank Riddell's place. The night before Crane had camped with Riddell, and been assured by him that all was well with Joe and his load.

Nevertheless, Crane's thoughts of Riddell were troubled. A comparative newcomer to the North, a young townsman in his twenties, Crane had taken to Riddell from the outset. He had always found him to be cheerful and apparently straightforward, though somewhat reserved. With no one else camped within a twenty-mile radius Riddell had a wide stretch of territory to himself and was doing very well with his trapping, supplemented with a bit of placer mining in summertime. When Crane had arrived at his cabin the day before, however, he had been amazed at the change in him.

Riddell's eyes were rimmed and his face lined with the marks of intense mental and emotional distress. He had barely listened as Crane recounted the latest news, although such voluntary exiles are usually only too eager to hear such morsels. And Riddell had seemed almost relieved when Crane had left that morning.

What was the reason? Had Joe Dubose brought Riddell bad news? Of course, if it were personal then it was none of Crane's affair. Just the same, he resolved that he'd visit Riddell again in a few days. If he still acted strangely he'd try to get him to unburden himself, knowing from experience how unwise it is for a man living entirely alone to have anything praying upon his mind; serious mental unbalance can result.

Crane then commenced scanning the river's banks for a good spot for a noontime halt. He decided upon a bend about a mile ahead that offered some protection from the biting wind and plenty of dead timber for fuel.

Reaching the place he halted his team, then froze, staring in surprise, for tracks made by a man and a dog team led from the ice up the steep bank. Scrambling up the high bluff Crane saw that the tracks continued winding in and out through the cold-dwarfed timber. He studied them carefully, noting that they had not been made by a native. Yet, as a rule, a white trapper does not take along a dog team when making a round of his lines. If it were a newcomer to the district then it was Crane's job to find out something about him. He called down to his team. As soon as they had climbed the bank, he urged them along the newly-made trail.

Presently Crane sighted a small, poorly-built log shack. No smoke trailed from the stovepipe chimney and it appeared abandoned. Halting the dogs, he walked forward. Opening the door he peered inside. There, sprawled upon the earthern

OPENING the door Crane peered inside. There, sprawled upon the earthern floor was a man. The first glance told him that he was dead

Illustrations by S. Iresilian

floor was a man. The first glance told Crane that he was dead. He stepped inside.

The man was small, slightly built, and approaching fifty. Greenhorn was written all over him. Even in death, the face was hard, the mouth thin-lipped and vicious. His right foot was bare, the big toe tied with string to the trigger of a rifle. One lifeless hand was clasped about the weapon's muzzle. A small hole in the forehead and a larger one at the back of the skull showed plainly the course of the life-taking bullet.

At first sight a plain case of suicide. Just one more tenderfoot who, when faced with the full rigours and loneliness of life in the North, had weakened. Shedding his mitts Crane dropped to his knees beside the corpse.

The body was frozen rigid, but as the temperature had been sub-zero for days that told Crane nothing. Under these conditions, a body could freeze within twenty-four hours. On the other hand, the man might have been dead for weeks.

Going through the victim's pockets Crane found no means of identification, but he did find that which at the time puzzled him—a mail sack key, leaden seals, and short lengths of twine. After examining the rifle, he tried unsuccessfully to trace the course of the bullet. He was not surprised at his failure, for by then he surmised that this was not a simple suicide case but homicide. Getting to his feet he began a close scrutiny of the shack and its contents.

Embedded in the rear wall, facing the doorway, was a bullet. With his knife Crane dug it out of the wall and dropped it into a pocket. Making his way outside and carefully securing the door, he started back the way he had come.

DARKNESS had already fallen when he sighted the lights from Riddell's cabin. Usually, when calling at Riddell's place after dark, the rays from the building cheered him, but now they only emphasized the bitterness of his thoughts. He had mentally reviewed every clue during the return journey, and he discovered that each pointed like a tiny finger of fate in the direction of its fellows. After all, he knew nothing about Riddell's background, but he was acutely aware of Riddell's changed appearance and attitude, and he was not now anticipating a pleasant scene.

As Crane halted his dogs Riddell opened the door. Crane gave him a curt greeting and searching stare. Ignoring both, Riddell assisted in the task of unharnessing and feeding the animals. That done, Crane led the way into the house. Halting Riddell's preparations for a meal he commenced to speak even as he shed his outer furs. Automatically, he adopted the interrogative tone of a policeman.

"Riddell," Crane began, "a few miles up-river and a couple of miles inland I came across a very amateurishly built shack. Its sole occupant was a dead man. First signs indicated suicide, but closer investigation proved that the man had been shot by some other hand than his own."

Riddell said nothing, but his face went white.

"In the first place," Crane continued, "there were no powder burns around the bullet hole in the victim's forehead. Secondly, there was no empty cartridge case in the breech of the rifle he was holding. Furthermore, I discovered that after passing through his head the bullet had embedded itself in a wall log almost six feet from the ground, indicating that the man was shot while standing erect. In short, Riddell, the man who faked the suicide fell down badly. He hasn't a chance in the world of getting away with it."

"You have other proof?" Riddell asked, tight-lipped.

"Tracks indicate that you visited this man since the last fall of snow. As far as I know, you are the only one around here using factory-made snowshoes. Yet only last night when I asked you, you stated that you were the only resident within a

twenty-mile radius. What's the answer?"

"I——I——" Riddell stared dazedly.

"Better sit down and get hold of yourself," Crane interrupted, sitting down himself. "Did you know the dead man?"

"Yes."

"Who was he?"

"Martin Leander. But I can't swear that that was his rightful one. All his life he had been a crook."

"How long has he been up here?"

"He told me that he came up here just before the freeze-up. He used a power-canoe and sneaked by police posts at night, avoiding everyone during the journey. He pulled ashore a few miles upstream from here, mushed inland a couple of miles and built that cabin. Then he lay low. About two weeks ago, he sighted me through his binoculars. He trailed me, and several times since has called here with a proposition. I refused to have anything at all to do with him, but he was persistent, so finally——" Abruptly Riddell covered his face with his hands, his shoulders shaking.

Giving him a few moments to recover himself, Crane asked: "Riddell, do you swear that Joe Dubose is all right?"

"Yes." Lowering his hands, Riddell sat up. "I made sure of that."

"By shooting Leander?" Crane asked. "Some of the things I found in his pockets suggest that he had designs on Joe's load."

"He had," Riddell said tautly. "That was his sole purpose in coming up here."

"And I repeat, is that why you shot him?"

"I did not shoot him."

"Yet you'll admit that the tracks were yours? That you called upon him?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"The day before Joe Dubose was due to arrive."

Leaning forward, Crane shot out: "Was Leander alive when you left his place?"

For the first time Riddell averted his eyes.

"Well?" Crane urged.

"I'd rather not answer that question just yet," Riddell replied shakily.

"RIDDELL," Crane said curtly, "my course seems clear. I must take you back to my post, then return with other of our fellows and make a full investigation"

"Suit yourself," Crane shrugged, "but I retrieved the bullet that killed Leander and it's a .303. You own a .303 carbine."

"But so do plenty of others," Riddell pointed out. "A ·303 is the most common calibre gun in the North."

Crane had to agree to that but there were plenty of other factors. Riddell had been in the North barely two years. He had said that Leander had arrived about three months ago. Could it have been by pre-arrangement? The annual delivery of the Treaty money to Indian agents in scattered districts is common knowledge throughout the North. Many men would think nothing of spending a year or so planning to get their hands on one hundred thousand dollars in currency. Riddell had admitted to knowing Leander, and that Leander had planned to rob Joe Dubose. Crane had tangible proof to support that. But he had only Riddell's word for it that Joe Dubose, and the mail sacks, were all right.

"Riddell," Crane said curtly, "my course seems clear. I must take you back to my post, then return with other of our fellows and make a full investigation."

"No, Crane!" Riddell pleaded. "No! That would certainly mean my finish because——"

"Why?" Crane asked, as Riddell choked up, his lips quivering.

"Because," Riddell answered hopelessly, "I've served time. I'd be damned from the outset."

"You have a record?" Crane asked incredulously. "That'll require a lot of explaining."

"Give me a chance," Riddell begged. "Before you take me in, listen to my side, will you? I promise you that I'll accept any decision you make."

Crane considered this. Time was of no immediate object as they would not leave before daybreak. Again, he liked Riddell and definitely wanted to give him a break if he deserved one.

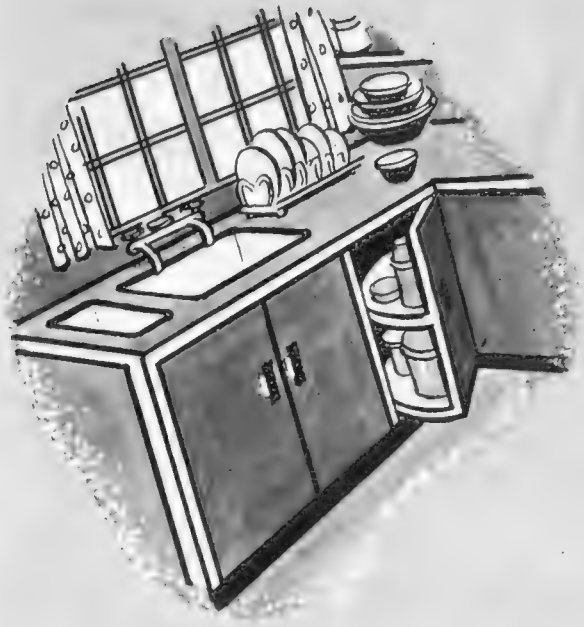
"I'll listen," Crane answered.

"Thanks." A gleam of hope in his eyes, Riddell straightened up. "But I warn you, Crane, it's a long story."

"Go ahead," Crane replied.

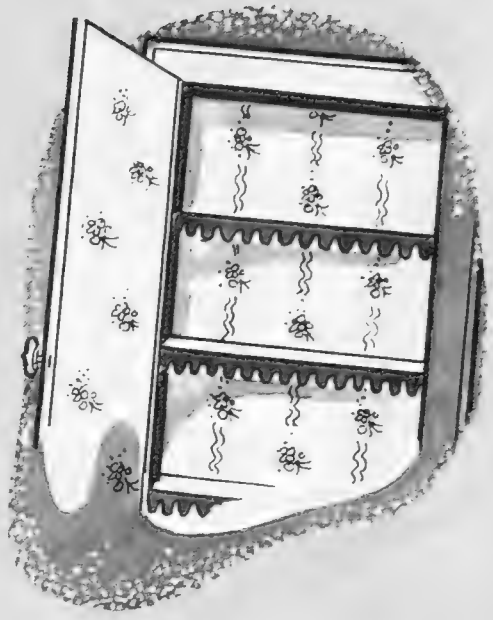
Some five years before, Riddell explained, he had met Martin Leander in a large city. Riddell had been a youngster of twenty-two, fed-up with a poorly paying job, and anxious to make some money. Leander, needing a confederate, had confided that he was a forger. He suggested that Riddell pass the cheques he wrote, stressing that Riddell's youthfully innocent appearance would invite trust. Tempted, Riddell had tried to pass one of the forged cheques and had failed. He had been sent to prison. When freed, Leander had been waiting for him. He had asked him to try it again. Riddell had replied with a crashing fist to Leander's jaw. Riddell had then come to the North, where he had re-established himself. Then, he repeated, came the day when Leander suddenly appeared at his cabin with the mail robbery proposal.

"I've got to admit that his scheme for getting the money parcels was practically airtight," Riddell recounted bitterly. "He told me that he had been months perfecting it because he wanted to make one good clean-up and get right out of the country. (*Continued on page* 66)



(Left.)
Shelves fitted inside the door of a cupboard under the sink swing out and bring a neat arrangement of cleaning materials into the daylight when needed.

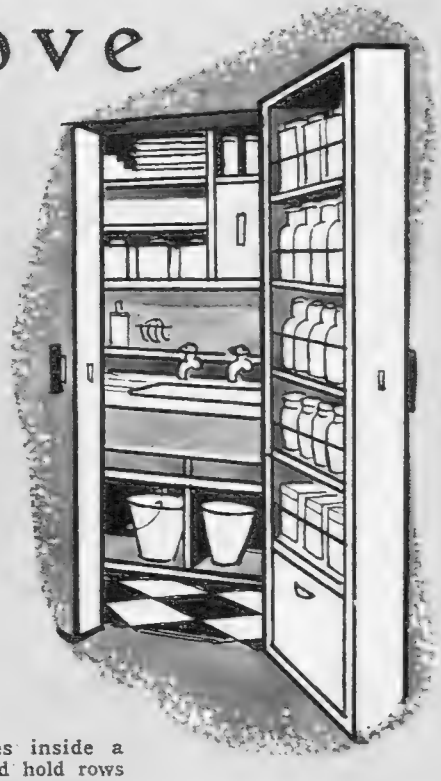
(Right.)
A bedroom cupboard lined with a flowered wallpaper. Plain coloured paper edges the shelves and cut-out motifs from the wallpaper are stuck on the inside of the door.



Cupboard Love

To the fastidious, immaculate cupboards are as essential as immaculate underwear. The door which opens on to confusion is a sorry thing. Can you throw wide the cupboard doors in your house at any moment and reveal efficiency and good looks? If not, a little carpentry and some simple decoration will change the picture.

In these illustrations we have shown one or two practical inside fittings which make more use of space in crowded stores. Elsewhere a little paint and paper and some bright colours give an individual charm to practical cupboard interiors. There are some gay and colourful papers now made specially suitable for lining cupboard shelves. Alternatively, short lengths of daintily sprigged wallpaper can be used to line the backs of cupboards. Shelves can be brightly painted to contrast, and the inside of the door given a cut-out flower motif or a scrap-book effect with a patchwork of colour plates from a natural-history book.



(Left.)
A Utility wardrobe cupboard for a child's bedroom is painted pastel green with a delicate almond tree motif.

(Right.)
Framed shelves inside a kitchen cupboard hold rows of jars and partially fulfil the functions of a cabinet.

(Right.)
Extensive working area, ample cupboard storage space and uniformity of finish make this kitchen an ideal working unit. Each section is made separately and the whole assembled in any order to fit individual needs.

The Whole Cost

How to Maintain High Standards whilst Keeping the Bills

THE cost of living is a current and general preoccupation. Domestic overheads are a matter for increasing concern, and with the "heavy quarter" for heating and lighting about to open, every householder is concerned to know just what the cost of comfort will be this coming winter and how it can be reduced, *if* it can be.

There are two ways of reducing the cost of heating and lighting in the home. One is by exercising continuous and studied economy, the other is by using highly efficient apparatus which reduces consumption of fuel to a minimum.

With the cost of apparatus and building reconstruction at their present high levels the natural impulse is to reject the idea of changing existing apparatus even when their efficiency is in doubt; nevertheless, a policy of head-burying solves no problems, and it is sound economics to balance the initial cost of up-to-date apparatus against the long-term saving which they undoubtedly effect.

Solid fuel, for instance, used in really efficient, up-to-date apparatus for room and water heating, as well as cooking, has been claimed to cost about half that of other forms of heating. Installation costs are high, but a reduction of running costs may easily make the outlay worth while, more especially since the economic aspect is supported by increased comfort and saving of labour.

With electricity at 1d. per unit, it costs less than ½d. to boil eight pints of water in an efficient electric kettle. This is a G.E.C. model.

A wall-panel gas heater for background heating. This heater burns only 6 cu. ft. of gas an hour, working out at two hours' heat for approx. 1d.

o! Comfort

of Comfort in the Home,
at the Lowest Level.

There are a number of types of solid-fuel-burning domestic stoves for room heating as well as for water heating and cooking combined. Each has its distinctive features, but it can be said of most of the low-consumption, continuous-burning models that they reduce labour and cost to an absolute minimum, and raise comfort to a high level.

When the solid-fuel-burning stove is out of the question for heating, and the choice lies between gas and electricity, it is difficult to make comparisons of cost. The price of both varies from one locality to another, and the specific requirements of different households change the individual picture. At the same time, some comparisons are possible between types of apparatus, and some interesting figures referring to consumption have been compiled as follows, covering the *minimum* requirements per week of a small household of four people :—

Water Heating.—Electric immersion heater, 120 units ; gas storage heater, 6-8 therms ; instantaneous multi-point water heater, 4-6 therms ; instantaneous single-point water heater, 3-4 therms ; coke boiler (also supplying two radiators), 1-1½ cwt. coke.

Cooking. — Gas cooker, 2 therms ; electric cooker, 28 units ; lightly insulated solid-fuel range, 1¼ cwt.

The best way to reduce bills is to be consistent in the use of economy measures and to face the fact that it is sometimes necessary to spend money in order to save it.

This applies particularly in relation to worn-out apparatus. Ancient heaters of all types are an extravagance ; aged, furred and thin kettles and saucepans of cheap metal waste expensive heat. Even electric-light bulbs should be changed at intervals. Economy is a science, not a penance. Intelligent regular practice of it should not minimise comfort, though it should, and will, reduce the bills.

1. A new and attractive electric heater which provides a continuous flow of warm air, circulated by means of a silent-running fan.

2. The Siesta all-night burning stove, designed to burn coke, coal, or anthracite, which heats by both radiation and convection. When fitted with a boiler, this stove will also give sufficient hot water for the average household.

3. A streamlined portable gas-fire which will keep the room at an even, comfortable temperature by convection.

4. The kitchen side of a continuous burning back-to-back grate, heated by means of an open fire in the living-room. Fitted with an auxiliary gas cooker for use when a fire is not required.
(Coal Utilisation Council.)

Thermostat control ensures against unnecessary waste of power. With electricity at 1d. per unit, this iron, fitted with a temperature pre-selector device, costs only ⅓d. per hour to run.

HOW TO BUY A SAUCEPAN

CARE in the choice of saucepans will be amply repaid by long life, good service and fuel-saving. Now that better supplies in the shops means that the housewife has a greater freedom in the choice of kitchenwear, here are some points to bear in mind when making new purchases.

Thick aluminium saucepans are a better buy than those with machined bases, which buckle easily. Judge by weight as well as by the thickness of the sides and bases.

Cast aluminium and cast iron, which take up the heat quickly, are better than stainless steel for use on electric or solid fuel cookers, where the heat is given off from a hotplate. The base of the pan should be flat so that it makes an over-all contact with the hotplate.

If you decide upon enamel, it should be of the best, heavy quality on a base of steel or iron. The poorer grades are a misplaced economy, as they burn and chip more easily.

Handles should be well insulated and sealed at both ends so that they cannot act as potential dirt-traps.

Cardigan In Cable

MATERIALS : 9 ozs. of "Target Beacon" 3-ply ; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 9 knitting needles ; buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge 21 ins. ; across the back underarms 17 ins. ; across the front underarms (with edge) 9½ ins. ; underarm sleeve seams, 17½ ins.
TENSION : 8 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 118 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue in the following pattern.

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2. Repeat from * to the last stitch, k. 1.

2nd row.—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

3rd and 4th row.—Repeat 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th row.—* K. 1, p. 2, slip the next 2 sts. on to a spare needle, and leave in the front of work. Knit the next 2 sts., then knit the 2 sts. from the spare needle, p. 2. Repeat from * to the last stitch, k. 1.

6th row.—As 2nd row. These 6 rows form pattern.

Work until 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 12 needles and rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and main pattern and continue until 15 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 91 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measure 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 armhole-end rows. Cast off remaining 31 sts.

RIGHT FRONT.

With No. 9 needles, cast on 64 sts. Rib 4 rows (*Continued on page* 61)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K.=knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.*

Man's Reversible Pullover

MATERIALS : 3 ozs. each of Munrospun "Morning Haze" in beige and brown ; one pair of No. 10 knitting needles.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge 20½ ins. ; across the back and front underarms 18 ins.
TENSION : 8 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

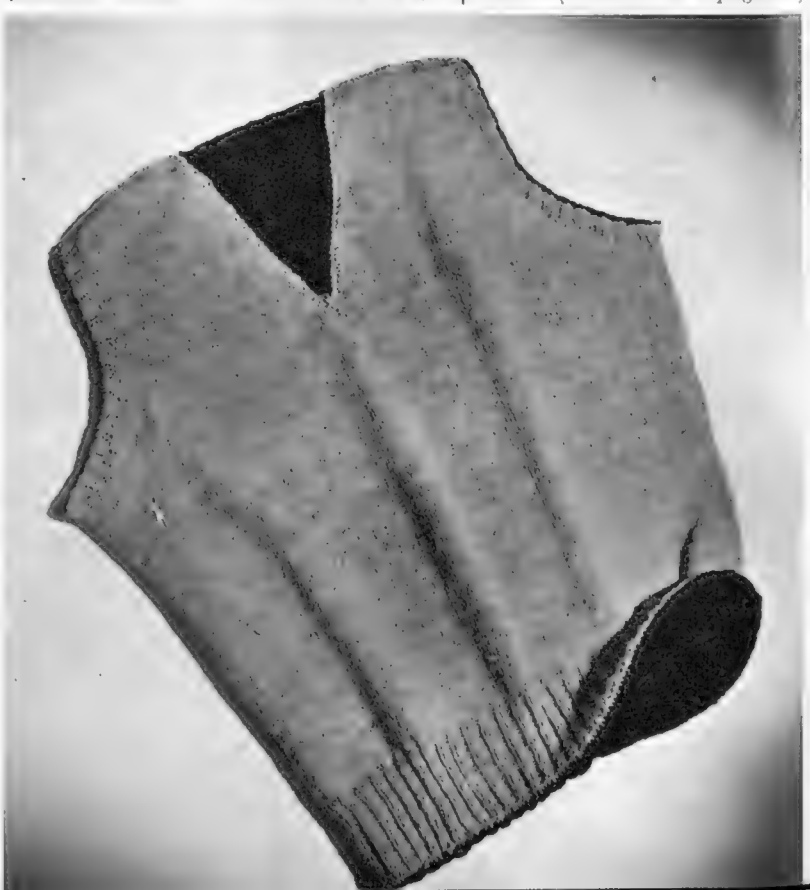
With No. 10 needles cast on 120 sts. with beige wool. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 2½ ins. Change to stocking stitch (one row knit, one row purl). Work for 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 144 sts. on needle. Work 4 rows after the last inc.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 14 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every alternate row until 90 sts. remain. Work 49 rows after the last dec., ending on a purl row.

SHAPE SHOULDERS AND NECK

1st row.—Cast off 9 sts., k. to end.
2nd row.—Cast off 9, p. to end.
3rd row.—Cast off 9, k. 8 (*Continued on page* 61)



Outlines Of Winter

LONDON'S model dressmakers have been showing the clothes we are to wear this autumn and winter. Fears that further changes of fashion might overtake us have proved groundless and, instead, outlines resolve themselves into two basic silhouettes, the narrow-skirted and the full. Hemlines are unchanged; shoulders are moderately padded and slightly sloping; many coats have capes and the Regency influence appears in many Beau Brummel collars and cuffs and tricorne hats.

These models from the prominent houses are indicative of main details. (1) Beau Brummel cape and collar on a red-and-black tweed coat from Hardy Amies. (2) Three-tiered skirt for a dressy afternoon gown of copper-coloured lace at Mattli. (3) Pleating, an outstanding fashion note for winter, is used by Hardy Amies on a black face-cloth high-collared coat. (4) A high-waisted grey-beige coat with velvet collar teams with a narrow black skirt from Digby Morton. (5) Victor Stiebel's suit has a navy jacket with a double peplum and a navy-and-white herringbone tweed skirt. (6) Off-shoulder evening dress with long sleeves in ruby velvet. Diamante confines the shoulder drapery. At Hardy Amies.

Pelmet

The elegant proportion of these windows is enhanced by graceful, draped pelmets, lined and fringed in a contrasting colour.

AN exciting pelmet can add glamour to the simplest curtain treatment and interest to the most undistinguished of windows. Now that many furnishing fabrics are uncouponed and in better supply, decorative pelmets are once again a practical possibility.

Besides their decorative value, pelmets can be used to improve the shape of the window. Narrow windows can be given an appearance of greater width if the pelmet is taken outside the window frame. Two small windows, side by side, can be given importance by linking them together under a common pelmet and taking the curtains down to the floor. This offers greater scope for imaginative treatment in cases where the windows are too small for each to carry the weight of a deep pelmet.

Consider the décor of the room, as well as the shape of the window, before deciding upon a draped or a stiff, tailored pelmet. Stiff pelmets need a stout foundation if they are not to look merely skimped. Wood or plywood is best, but as to-day wood is costly both to buy and to have fixed, stiffened canvas makes an excellent substitute. Canvas is now off coupons, and is easier for the amateur to handle.

An attractive treatment for a recessed window, using contrasting designs of wallpaper and fabric.

(Left.) A novel edition of the stiffened pelmet for a tall window. Figured fabric is used for the pelmet with plain curtains in a matching colour. (Below.) A revival of the old cornice pole, painted to contrast with the curtain looped over it. Net is draped over the window, and a self-coloured blind drawn at night.

Possibilities

Stiff pelmets need not be confined to the straight, horizontal type. Scalloped edges, inspired by the motif in the curtain fabric, or castellated edges piped with braid, can both look attractive. Rows of fringe or braid sewn on to canvas look rich when teamed with curtains of a plain, matching colour, especially if the braid or trimming is repeated elsewhere in the room on lampshade or cushion.

Quilted pelmets give a touch of luxury to a bedroom or drawing-room décor. Quilted fabric, which can now be obtained by the yard in a variety of charming designs, will give a professional finish to a pelmet if it is mounted on a stiff frame. Curtains of the same design in unquilted fabric complete this window ensemble.

Few treatments are more elegant for bedroom or sitting-room than a draped pelmet. Soft fabrics should be used for the drape, so that they will hang well. Muslin, net, furnishing ninon and the softer rayons and wools will do excellently. One or two suggestions for draped pelmet treatments are given here. Simple adaptation will make them suitable for almost any type of window.

Fringed and ruched, the draped pelmet can be adapted for the cottage decor. Spotted muslin is used instead of net curtaining.

(Right.) Pelmet and curtain in two tones of the same colour. The pelmet is draped and hangs in folds on one side only. The net curtains are looped softly to either side. (Below.) Quilting and cord fringe edging add a touch of luxury to the box pelmet. Floor-length curtains in unquilted fabric, complete the ensemble.

A velvet appliqué motif to tone with painted details in furniture, decorates a simple scalloped pelmet.

Yours Affectionately

THIS phrase is only the ending to a mid-week note, perhaps to say you have had the bicycle puncture mended or that you will be out to collect him—or her—on Saturday, but it is difficult to appreciate what such a letter—a personal, warm contact with somebody who cares—can mean to a lonely child. Adopted "aunts" are giving and taking of this great pleasure in increasing numbers, or hadn't you heard of the scheme?

The general aim is to give girls and boys in children's institutions something of the feeling of the joy of family life and personal affections. It is a great aim, and all the greater because whilst providing a missing link in the life of many orphaned children, it is at the same time giving boundless pleasure and satisfaction to women—and many men—without children of their own.

Local movements to promote this get-together of men and women and their "adopted" children have been going ahead successfully throughout the country for some time past. Sometimes they start at the instigation of such groups as a local body of the Women's Institute, the W.V.S., or through the initiative of members of a Child Care Committee.

So what happens? You go to an institution and are put in touch with a child. You take him, or her, to your home at week-ends when you can; you take him out for treats; you remember his birthday and have him home for Christmas. In short, you give a child, isolated from precious personal affections, that feeling of "belonging"; of having some one person who represents affection and an emotional anchorage.

If you can give a lonely child a personal niche in your home, though it may be only for occasional visits; if you can give him a drawer of his own or a little cupboard where, like family children, he can keep his own things, his toys, his precious little possessions; if you can take him out of that cold, impersonal world of the institution and let him feel the warmth of a real home, you will have rendered a service that no institution, however well-conducted, can give. It may be heaven for a lonely child to play in a private garden, perhaps to have a little patch of his own; to make toast by a fire; to ride on a train or even to go shopping. These are commonplaces to the ordinary child with a home; they are glorious, heart-warming adventures to the ones without.

CONSIDER the lot of these children, perhaps bewildered and hurt at the sudden removal from their own home background, parted from brothers and sisters. In the worst cases there was always somebody at home that mattered. By contrast with home life—however inadequate—an institution child lives in a world of large numbers where even kindness is inevitably a pretty impersonal thing. To him the joy of the intimate personal contact, the real home, is in itself a novelty and an emotional safety-valve.

It is not always easy to make the initial contacts with lonely children. They are inevitably shy, sometimes suspicious and ill-at-ease in unfamiliar surroundings. Superficially they will reject your interest whilst longing passionately for it, but this is a challenge which most women with an understanding and a natural sympathy with children will appreciate and find satisfaction in overcoming. It is not an easy task, and it calls for high standards of integrity. Nobody should "adopt" an institutional child who is not sure of her capacity to stay the course; never to fall down on "dates," never to offer a lonely child the sweets of affectionate companionship and then, inexplicably, to withdraw them.

It is far from being a one-sided plan. No one is the loser by giving affection, especially to a child to whom it means so much. There is as much happiness to gain as to give in attaching oneself to an orphaned child. Once the barriers are down, a close relationship with a lonely youngster brings unsuspected reward to those who perhaps started simply with an idea of trying to bring a little diversion into a young life.

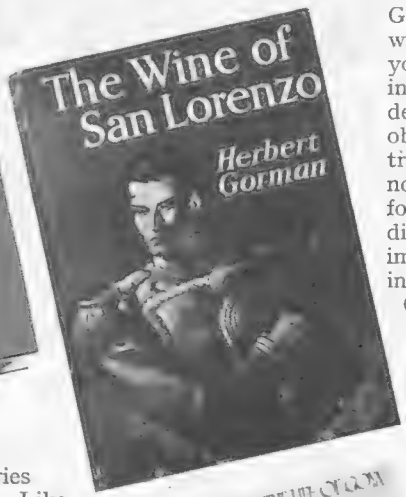
It cannot be without significance that in the Weymouth scheme, for example, which has been running for a year, involving a hundred institutional children in the district, already five have been legally adopted and five more are awaiting legalities to the same end.

LEN CHALLONER.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

HOW I envy those detached people who can retire with a hefty novel, not only reading every line in a leisurely way, but *living* in the story and not worrying if it takes a month to finish. Mr. Frank Tilsley's "**Champion Road**" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) tells in 700 packed pages of Jonathan Briggs, tough Lancashire builder, who gets ahead by "Jerry" and other somewhat shady methods which his honest-to-goodness wife Nellie dislikes. Half a century of forthright Northern life teems in the narrative, with a wealth of realistic detail that some may find excessive, but not the devout readers I have in mind. If they enjoyed Thomas Armstrong's "King Cotton" and Howard Spring's Manchester stories they will enjoy this, too. Like "Pleasure Beach," it has the ring of a bright coin fresh from the Mint.



ANOTHER hefty book of 500 pages is Mr. Herbert Gorman's romance of Texas a century ago when that troubled country was fighting the Mexicans and becoming a United State: "**The Wine of San Lorenzo**" (Cassell, 15s.). Its hero, Juan Diego, gets his meed of bloody fighting and also of colourful love. Its author has steeped himself in place and period and produced a satisfying yarn on a big varied canvas.

BY contrast, Miss Flora Sandstrom takes only 250 pages to fictionize the life of the Spanish painter Goya in "**The Dancing Giant**" (Barker, 9s. 6d.), but how vividly she does it, and in what an impassioned staccato style! It is a vital genius who falls foul of the Inquisitors in his native Aragon, goes wenching in Madrid, tries to rescue a lovely young novice from a Rome nunnery, marries and begets children; and falls for the fascinations of the exquisite Duchess of Alba, who repaid the Queen's malice by dressing sixty of her maids in replicas of Her Majesty's latest Paris gown and parading them in carriages on the Prado. What Goya himself would think of this bio-novel, could he come alive again and read it, we dare not conjecture; but thank you, it makes excellent reading.

Take Twelve Eggs. . . .

MRS. ISABELLA BEETON

ISABELLA BEETON'S *Book of Household Management* (556,000) was an astonishing achievement for a young woman who died at 28, after the birth of her fourth child. Having grown up in a family of twenty-one children and married an ambitious publisher, she wanted to give middle-class families an all-round guide to domestic competence and happiness in a style which "any kitchen fool could understand," and the tome became more than a success—a classic. "**Mrs. Beeton and Her Husband**" (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is a first biography of this remarkable pair—he dynamic and reckless, she practical and sensible—by a great-niece, Miss Nancy Spain. It is not only a homely memoir of the Victorian girl who wondered, when she was to become a housewife, "Why has no one written a *good* book for brides, to help them learn these things?" but a social picture of the age of "Take twelve eggs. . . ." (or fifty, for that matter).

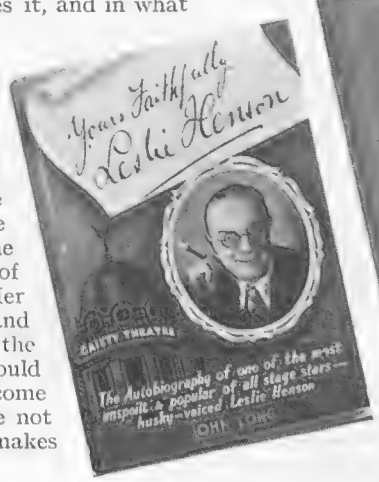
MISS NANCY SPAIN

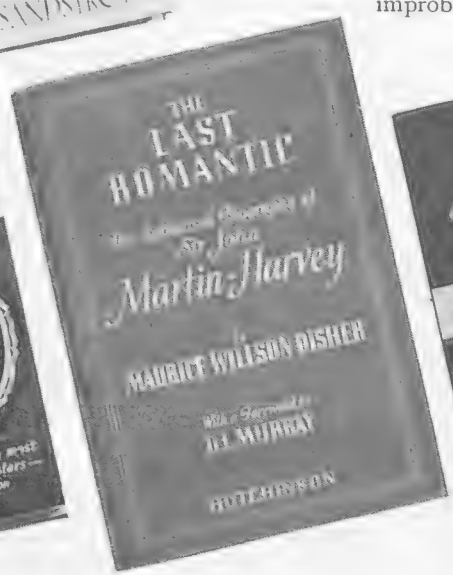
HAVING portrayed a drunkard in "The Lost Week-End," Mr. Charles Jackson presents another unpleasant character in "**The Fall of Valour**" (Hale, 10s. 6d.). John Grandin, a literature professor with wife and children, meets a handsome young Marine captain while holidaying at Nantucket, and gradually develops for him an emotional obsession which culminates in tragedy. The relationship is diagnosed with sensitive skill, but I found—as others may—the climax distasteful, for what was subtly implied in Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice" and Wilde's "Dorian Gray" is here dramatically stated. The writing is admirable.

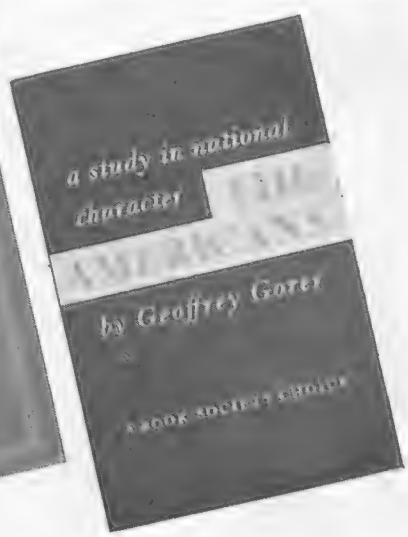
POSTWAR U.S. small-town life, its civic problems, intrigue and graft are focused through a local newspaper-owner in Mr. Darwin L. Teilhet's "**Something Wonderful to Happen**" (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.). Pressman Al Korum wants to take up an option on a bigger paper and wield a wider influence; Sally the mother of his children, thinks it would be wiser to go to Guatemala and get married, since they're squatting on a social volcano, posing as man and wife. A perplexing situation, developed in a comedy vein.

TWO romantic historicals: Mr. Louis Zara's "**Against This Rock**" (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), a sound novelization of the life and times of the Emperor Charles V.; Mr. Showell Styles's "**The Rising of the Lark**" (Selwyn & Blounty, 10s. 6d.), a breathless cloak-and-sword yarn about Bonnie Prince Charlie and the '45.

MISS MONA DICKENS can tell a straight, human story. Why, then, did she load the opening of "**Joy and Josephine**" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) with a mass of improbabilities (*Continued on page 68*)


Yours Faithfully
Leslie Henson
GAIETY THEATRE
The Autobiography of one of the most unspoilt & popular of all stage stars—husky-voiced Leslie Henson





THE trouble with so many modern old women is that they try to look young or else they don't try at all. White-haired ladies with the time and money to spare have their sparse hair cut short, set and combed out in elaborate styles which were intended for women twenty-five years younger than themselves. Faded and white hair is often given a blue rinse to turn it blue or mauve. Both of these shades are hideously unbecoming to an elderly face. Make-up should be graded according to age, but it never is. Old-looking hands should never wear bright nail varnish, but they often do. It is curious that there are special departments for babies, children, teen-agers, maternity and outsize clothes, but no departments which specialize for women with white hair. Yet these are the very women who pay best for good dressing. A creator of fashion who had the vision to specialize in designs and materials flattering to older women would make a fortune.

Jane Gordon

In Search of Glamour

IF I had the time and the capital I would open department stores in London, and all the larger provincial towns, specializing in fashion, hairdressing and beauty treatment for older women. I would employ experts and assistants who were thoroughly trained in this important branch of beauty service, and designers who created collections for older women.

To produce a really good fashion collection, the designer would need to do a good deal of research in art galleries and study the fabrics, colours and styles used in the past for older women's clothes. All fashion and design in this century has been created to suit the mannequin who will model the dress or coat and give the client the illusion that the same model will become her in spite of the discrepancy in age between the mannequin and the customer. To give you an example of this, lace, which is far more becoming to the older woman than to the younger, has almost completely disappeared in the past forty years.

WHEN a woman's hair is white she should have reached a certain well-defined stage in her life. If she was a tall, fine woman in her youth, she should be stately, imposing and dignified in her old age, and yet where to-day is it possible to find stately and dignified clothes? The woman who was small in her youth will probably have the delicate appearance of a cameo in her old age—but it would be a miracle if she could find fashions to flatter her now.

Hairdressers and beauty experts do not, in my opinion, take a really intelligent interest in older women. If the problem was carefully studied, hairdressers would have a special department for white hair. There are exceptions, but as a rule grey and white hair should not be cut short. The number of women going about now whose pink scalps gleam at the crown through their sparse white hair set is pitiful. The advantage of long hair—or at least shoulder length hair—is that it can be dressed over a little stuffing if need be. Older women should have the benefit of additional and flattering hair pieces. There are two famous shops—one near Baker Street, and one in Oxford Street which specialize in wig creations and hair styles devised with extra hair pieces.

The woman with white hair is likely to have a complexion which has grown ivory with age, or her complexion may have become florid. In both cases a mauve or blue rinse will bring out the worst in her complexion. The ivory-tinted complexion will appear bright yellow under the vivid blue rinse, and this rinse will make a florid complexion look as though the owner is about to have a stroke. Natural shades of grey hair are the most flattering so long as the hair is kept in perfect condition. Many women object to the yellow tinge in white hair, and fail to realize that this tones in well with their pale complexion if they use the right make-up.

All that is needed is rouge of the palest pink, and pink lipstick to match. Florid complexions should be toned down with liquid powder foundation, or a rather heavy tinted foundation, and a warmer shade of powder. These women should never wear an orange coloured lipstick, but always a lipstick with a blue undertone. The latest lipstick brought out by Grossmith called "lilac rose" is an extremely flattering colour to women with white hair, and can be worn by those with a florid as well as ivory tinted complexions. No woman with a florid complexion should ever attempt to wear rouge.

As a rule, elderly women do not pay nearly enough attention to their hands. Hand exercises, hand massage and wax treatment are much more important than manicure for the older hand. Bright nail varnishes should be avoided. The nails should be manicured and buffed, and then varnish bases—such as Satinbase—are most becoming, sometimes the very palest shades of nail varnish are flattering. Women seldom see their own elbows, and these are an ugly spot in old age. They should be massaged with a good nourishing cream every night, and whenever hand lotion is applied it should also be applied to the arms and elbows.

It is curious that (*Continued on page* 58)

Here's Looking at You

A well-known photographer discusses the sitter's part in making a portrait to be proud of

A GOOD photograph is not a lucky hit. It is the result of co-operation between sitter and photographer and as much depends on you, the sitter, as on the photographer himself.

Your first step towards a good photograph is to choose a good photographer. Photography is an art and the ability to operate a camera does not necessarily imply a flair for making women look glamorous. Compare the work of several photographers and go to the one whose work you most admire. Don't antagonize him—or her—at the outset by saying you would rather go to a dentist, even if you feel that way. It is far from complimentary and he hears it every day, anyway.

Now your appearance. Plan well in advance so that you arrive at the studio looking your very best. Have your hair dressed at least two days beforehand, when the lines are softer and kinder to the face. Groom the eyebrows but use mascara in moderation. A touch of brown eye shadow taken right up to the eyebrows will flatter eyes that are not very deeply set. Freckles and minor imperfections of complexion can be masked by a pancake-type make-up, worn without rouge.

Tight curls and rigid waves are the photographer's *bête noir*. Soft waves like Hazel Court's, whether long or short, make the most flattering picture

A round or broad face is better taken three-quarter view. If you want your eyes to look out of the picture, you can sit sideways to the camera and look over your shoulder into the lens. If you are plump, choose a dark dress with a long "V" or oval neckline, and ask for a dark background. If you are thin and inclined to look haggard in a picture, wear a light fluffy type of dress and ask for a light background.

The simpler your dress is, the better. A material with a texture or a sheen—velvet, silk, fur—is better than a matt surface. Be sure that your dress is in perfect order and beautifully pressed. Don't imagine it won't come out in the photograph. It will, with every crease and crumple magnified.

Your wrist watch will make an ugly blot in the composition, so remove it unless it is a very decorative one. Take your favourite ring or bracelet along with you, but leave the photographer to decide whether they will enhance your appearance or otherwise.

Be photographed in profile only if you have clear-cut features like Valerie Hobson's and a hair style which presents a flattering side view

YOUR hands may be more beautiful than your face and if you know how to use them, by all means include them in the picture. But first practise before your mirror, because even though in your eyes they resemble lotus flowers, the camera may not catch them that way.

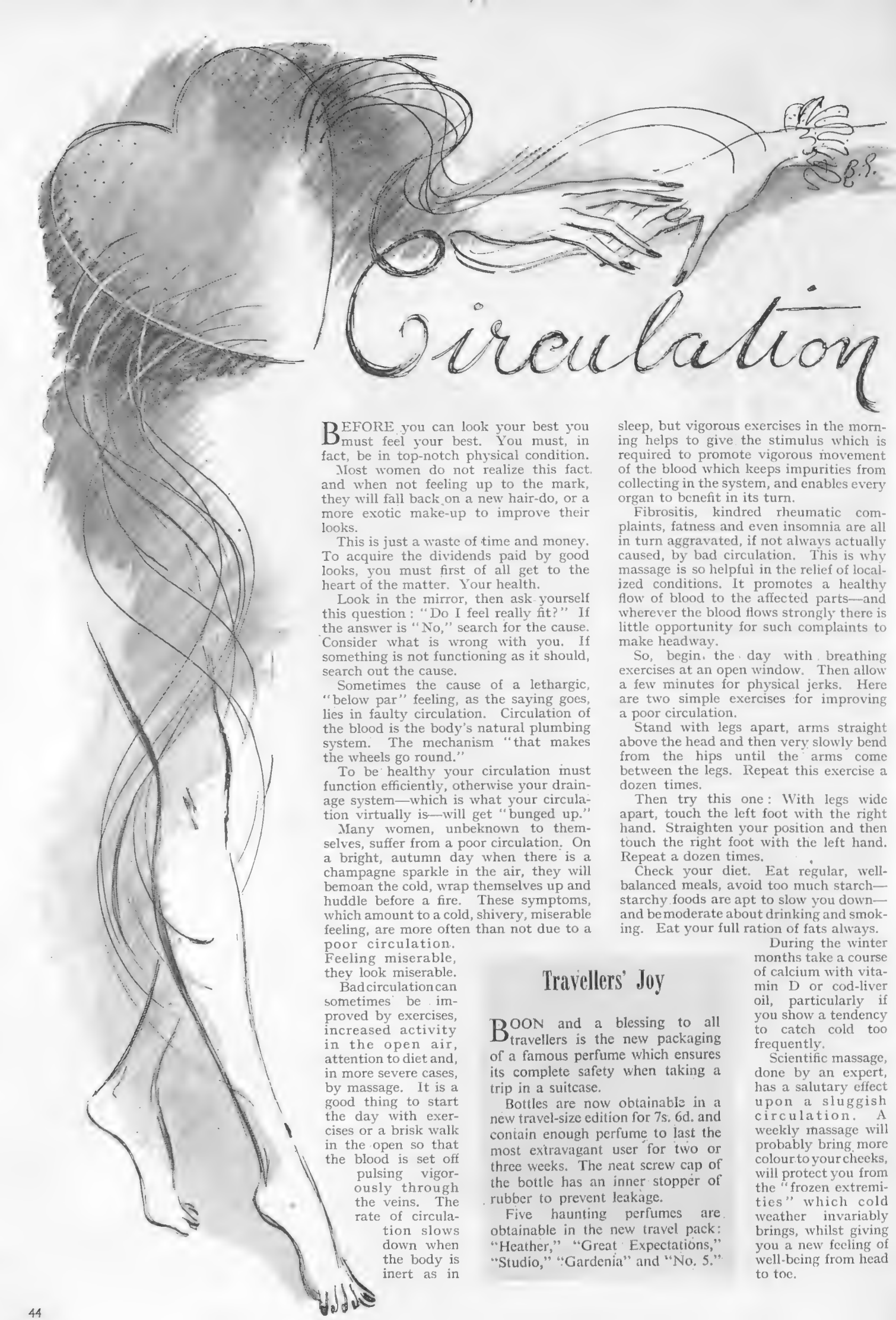
Be sure that your manicure is perfect and wear a pale pink varnish or natural polish. A dark nail varnish will come out black in the picture, and make the fingers look short and stumpy.

If you are nervous, try to relax completely in front of the camera. Think about something completely different, your favourite man, your favourite food, your happiest holiday. Above all, don't fidget. When the photographer has the best pose and told you to hold it, then keep quite still.

If you have a real mannequin figure, are completely unselfconscious, and can afford to go to a really top-notch photographer, you can look forward to a full length study that looks something. But if any one factor is lacking, play for safety and choose a three-quarter length sitting pose, which is very much kinder to most women. Evening dress is the best garment for this type of portrait.

Finally, have confidence in the photographer. Tell him exactly what you would like your picture to be and then leave it to him. He will be as anxious to get a glamour picture as you are.

JOAN CRAVEN



Circulation

BEFORE you can look your best you must feel your best. You must, in fact, be in top-notch physical condition.

Most women do not realize this fact and when not feeling up to the mark, they will fall back on a new hair-do, or a more exotic make-up to improve their looks.

This is just a waste of time and money. To acquire the dividends paid by good looks, you must first of all get to the heart of the matter. Your health.

Look in the mirror, then ask yourself this question: "Do I feel really fit?" If the answer is "No," search for the cause. Consider what is wrong with you. If something is not functioning as it should, search out the cause.

Sometimes the cause of a lethargic, "below par" feeling, as the saying goes, lies in faulty circulation. Circulation of the blood is the body's natural plumbing system. The mechanism "that makes the wheels go round."

To be healthy your circulation must function efficiently, otherwise your drainage system—which is what your circulation virtually is—will get "bunged up."

Many women, unbeknown to themselves, suffer from a poor circulation. On a bright, autumn day when there is a champagne sparkle in the air, they will bemoan the cold, wrap themselves up and huddle before a fire. These symptoms, which amount to a cold, shivery, miserable feeling, are more often than not due to a poor circulation. Feeling miserable, they look miserable.

Bad circulation can sometimes be improved by exercises, increased activity in the open air, attention to diet and, in more severe cases, by massage. It is a good thing to start the day with exercises or a brisk walk in the open so that the blood is set off pulsing vigorously through the veins. The rate of circulation slows down when the body is inert as in sleep, but vigorous exercises in the morning helps to give the stimulus which is required to promote vigorous movement of the blood which keeps impurities from collecting in the system, and enables every organ to benefit in its turn.

Fibrositis, kindred rheumatic complaints, fatness and even insomnia are all in turn aggravated, if not always actually caused, by bad circulation. This is why massage is so helpful in the relief of localized conditions. It promotes a healthy flow of blood to the affected parts—and wherever the blood flows strongly there is little opportunity for such complaints to make headway.

So, begin the day with breathing exercises at an open window. Then allow a few minutes for physical jerks. Here are two simple exercises for improving a poor circulation.

Stand with legs apart, arms straight above the head and then very slowly bend from the hips until the arms come between the legs. Repeat this exercise a dozen times.

Then try this one: With legs wide apart, touch the left foot with the right hand. Straighten your position and then touch the right foot with the left hand. Repeat a dozen times.

Check your diet. Eat regular, well-balanced meals, avoid too much starch—starchy foods are apt to slow you down—and be moderate about drinking and smoking. Eat your full ration of fats always.

During the winter months take a course of calcium with vitamin D or cod-liver oil, particularly if you show a tendency to catch cold too frequently.

Scientific massage, done by an expert, has a salutary effect upon a sluggish circulation. A weekly massage will probably bring more colour to your cheeks, will protect you from the "frozen extremities" which cold weather invariably brings, whilst giving you a new feeling of well-being from head to toe.

Travellers' Joy

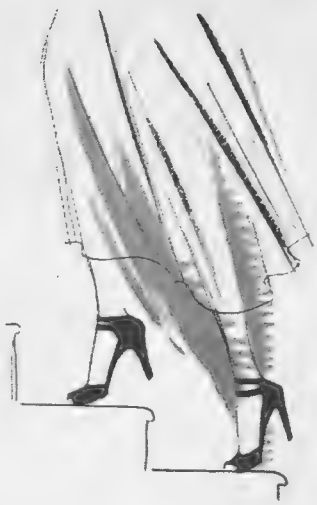
BOON and a blessing to all travellers is the new packaging of a famous perfume which ensures its complete safety when taking a trip in a suitcase.

Bottles are now obtainable in a new travel-size edition for 7s. 6d. and contain enough perfume to last the most extravagant user for two or three weeks. The neat screw cap of the bottle has an inner stopper of rubber to prevent leakage.

Five haunting perfumes are obtainable in the new travel pack: "Heather," "Great Expectations," "Studio," "Gardenia" and "No. 5."

Just A Minute

A GOOD appearance is less often a gift of nature than the result of infinite attention to details. To see that handbags are impeccable or to apply make-up in the right way instead of the wrong, takes only a minute, yet such details make all the difference between good grooming and bad. Here are some suggestions for beauty in a minute to set you thinking up others for yourself.



NEW place for perfume. Instead of merely spotting it behind the ears, stroke it on to the eyebrows where it will whisk off the powder at the same time.

BLEND your eyeshadow in the palm of your hand before applying it to eyelids. This will give that subtle, light touch which is the key to expert make-up.

SCOUR the town for polish to match your lipstick. Sharpen the effect by wearing a hat of the same colour, or, at least, a touch of trimming.

WASH all beauty brushes regularly. Dip them in hot water to which a dash of ammonia has been added, and allow to dry in the open air.

BE extravagant for a special occasion and sprinkle a few drops of your favourite perfume into your bath.

WEAR your gloves, don't carry them, in cold weather. Slip them on before opening your front door. It's a good habit—and only takes a minute.

PERM nearly out? After a soapless shampoo at home, curl up the ends with back-to-childhood pieces of silk or muslin. Remove and brush out hair five minutes before your date.

ATTEND to your nails while listening to a favourite radio programme. Remove old varnish, twice weekly apply cuticle oil, push down cuticles and keep your fingers unoccupied while new varnish dries. Never patch old polish.

FEED your face while doing household chores. Pin hair under scarf and apply a liberal ration of skin food to the face. Protect hands from dust with cotton mitts.

IN the middle of an unbearable day, try this. Lie on your bed or sofa with feet higher than your head and a pillow under your hips. Relax completely for a few minutes. Let everything, from head to toes, grow limp. Say to yourself, "Nothing worries me." There's power in suggestion.

GIVE yourself a one-minute pedicure once a week. Cut nails straight across: this discourages them from growing into the flesh and saves your stockings.

KEEP your giant bottle of precious perfume tightly sealed and away in a dark place, for most of them undergo a change of fragrance and evaporate when exposed to light and air. Keep a small vial on the dressing-table for immediate use.

WHEN you have been putting a nourishing cream on your face always rub the surplus on your fingers into the elbows. This regular attention keeps them smooth and unwrinkled. Scruffy elbows wreck the appearance of a short-sleeved dress.

KEEP a tin of Vaseline in your dressing-table drawer, rub a very little into your lips every night before bed. This keeps them smooth, soft and protected from the cracks and dryness which the cold winds of winter bring with them.

SCREW your face up into grimaces for a minute each day when you are alone. It exercises sagging muscles and keeps the contours round.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

STREAMLINE your ankles for the pencil silhouette by walking upstairs on tiptoe. Whittle the waist down by bending, with straight legs, to pick up any object that comes your way in the daily round.

TO avoid that flour-bag look. Powder generously with a tuft of cotton-wool, remove excess round eyes, nose and mouth with a baby's hair-brush.

CHECK up on your handbag before you get into bed. Discard bus tickets, receipts and the day's dust. Replenish compact with fresh powder, add a clean hankie and a fresh tuft of cotton-wool.

MAIN DISHES WITH VEGETABLES

By Harriet Muir

THERE are several golden rules to observe when making a vegetarian meal. Avoid wetness and too much bulk of vegetable. Always provide some very definite flavour, such as cheese, curry or herbs, and make your dish pretty and tempting. Many vegetable dishes make an excellent meal, containing more nourishment and vitamins than with almost any other kind of food. When seasonable vegetables are scarce, supplement with the bottled or tinned varieties.

This tomato charlotte makes a good meal:

Ingredients: 1 lb. tomatoes; teaspoonful sugar; about 1 oz. margarine or dripping; bread.

Well grease a soufflée dish. Line sides with fingers of bread spread with fat. Scald tomatoes and remove skins. Fill dish with alternate layers of tomato sliced and well-seasoned, and breadcrumbs, beginning with tomato arranged in a pattern and ending with a round of bread dipped in fat. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 400° F., about 30 minutes. Tip mould carefully into a dish. Make a white sauce flavoured with about 1 oz. grated cheese and a tablespoonful of tomato soup or ketchup and pour round. Place a few rounds of tomato in the sauce with sprigs of parsley in the centre.

Savoury Cradles

A good savoury is carrot and cheese snacks. Mash 3 or 4 cooked carrots and cream them in pan with 2 oz. grated cheese. Serve on fingers of fried bread garnished with parsley.

Marrow also combines well with tomato and cheese, either steamed or stuffing the marrow with breadcrumbs, tomato and cheese, baked on a fireproof dish smeared with dripping and covered with well-greased paper for about 40 minutes or till tender, in a moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F.

Stuffed cucumber is even better when available, as it has more flavour. Omit tomato here, and for a change dip the cucumber in frying batter, cover with crumbs and then bake in the oven as you would marrow. Serve with either cheese or parsley sauce.

Stuffed leeks with a cheese sauce are also a good variation.

SAVOURY CRADLES

Ingredients: 1 pint lentils (soaked overnight); 2 oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; 1 onion peeled and chopped finely; about ¼ pint stock or water flavoured with bacon rinds; cupful cooked green peas.

Cook lentils gently in about 2 pints water for 1½ to 2 hours, seasoned with salt and pepper. Drain and seive. Put lentils back in pan with margarine, a little stock and onion which should be fried first. Cook gently, stirring till consistency is like a thick sauce. Fill pastry cradles and decorate top with green peas.

Now let us get away from cheese and make use of curry.

CURRIED CARROTS WITH CAULIFLOWER

Prepare a good curry sauce. This sauce

Stuffed Cucumber

Yeast

SOME ingredients in cookery are used like magic talismans, without that real knowledge of their properties which is essential to correct usage. Yeast is one example. This is a substance formed of thousands of tiny plants compressed. It needs food in order to grow, and correct temperature to enable it to expand and rise. Hence the reasons for mixing yeast with sugar and luke-warm milk. It must be fresh, light buff in colour, without spot, firm to hold but crumbling easily. It will keep fresh only a few days.

Yeast must go through three separate processes in cooking. First it must ferment by feeding on starch, to produce the bubbles. Next it must be kneaded to distribute the yeast and bubbles evenly throughout the dough. Finally, it is baked to kill the yeast and stop the fermentation.

Always follow your recipe carefully. It will make the whole difference to whether your dough rises well. Leave the dough to rise as long as directed.

A guide for quantities in bread-making is:

Yeast.—½ oz. to raise 1 to 3 lb. flour. For larger quantities 1½ to 2 oz. yeast will raise 7 to 14 lb. flour.

Sugar.—2 level teaspoonsful to ½ oz. yeast.

Liquid.—About ½ pint to 1 lb. flour, less if egg or melted fat or oil is used.

Rice Royal

Fruit and Oatcakes

can be used for any curried vegetables such as beans, cauliflower, etc.

CURRY SAUCE

Ingredients: 1 large onion; 2 or 3 cooking apples; stick of rhubarb when available; ½ oz. fat; seasoning; tablespoonful of sultanas and chopped dates; small tablespoonful flour; dessertspoonful chutney; ½ oz. sugar; small teaspoonful curry powder.

Peel, core and slice apples and onion nd dice rhubarb. Fry in the fat till rown and well cooked. Season and add ugar, chutney and curry powder, mix ell together with about a cupful of tock or water and add sultanas and our. Cook gently for about 20 minutes. Have ready a cooked cauliflower cut in prigs and 6 or 8 carrots cut in strips and oiled. Make a border with cauliflower. Pour in sauce and arrange carrots in a pattern or pyramid. Sprinkle chopped parsley over them.

Cooking With Rice And Oatmeal

OATMEAL is sustaining and warming and can be delicious in flavour if used wisely and combined with other ingredients. There are excellent dishes to be made from oatmeal for any meal from breakfast to supper, and as it is fortunately plentiful again we can use it freely.

For instance, for breakfast there are such dishes as fruit and oatcakes, oatmeal porridge or sausages served on oatmeal fingers.

OATMEAL FINGERS

Ingredients: ½ lb. fine oatmeal; 3 oz. flour; teaspoon baking powder; pinch salt; 3 oz. margarine or dripping.

Sift salt and baking powder into flour and mix with oatmeal. Rub fat well in and form into dough with cold water. Roll out pastry on floured board till about ¼-in. thick. Cut in strips about 1½ in. and 4 in. long. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 425° F., about 20 minutes.

This basic recipe is suitable for anything made with oatmeal pastry.

OATCAKES

Ingredients: 6 oz. fine oatmeal; 2 oz. flour; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1 oz. melted lard; boiling water.

Sift salt into flour, mix with oatmeal, add melted fat and enough boiling water to make a firm dough. Roll out very thin on a floured board. Cut into rounds or triangles and bake on greased tins in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F., about 30 minutes.

For lunch and supper oatmeal makes a satisfying dish out of very little.

OATMEAL GOULASH

Ingredients: ½ lb. diced vegetables such as turnip, carrot, celery, shallots; 3 or 4 sliced tomatoes; 2 oz. medium oatmeal; ¼ lb. mince; walnut fat; tablespoonful chopped parsley; seasoning; teaspoonful meat essence.

Fry vegetables in fat for a few minutes. Add oatmeal and stir a few more minutes. Season and add tomato, parsley, mince and essence. Add enough stock just to cover and simmer gently or cook in casserole for about 1 hour.

A new excitement for housewives is the promised return in a small way of rice. For the benefit of those who feel uncertain how best to use the new treasure, here are one or two ideas. Supplies of rice will be limited at first. If you are unable to get as much rice as you would like, rice substitutes can be used equally well for these recipes in place of the real thing.

STEW WITH RICE

Ingredients: 1 lb. meat; 2 oz. rice; 2 tablespoonfuls tomato ketchup; a few shallots or 2 small onions; teaspoonful flour; walnut fat.

Cut meat in small squares. Sprinkle with flour and seasoning. Slice onions finely and fry these and meat for a few minutes in fat. Just cover with water and cook gently till tender. Boil rice, strain and leave to dry on side of stove. Now stir tomato ketchup into rice. Make a border of rice round dish and pile meat in the centre.

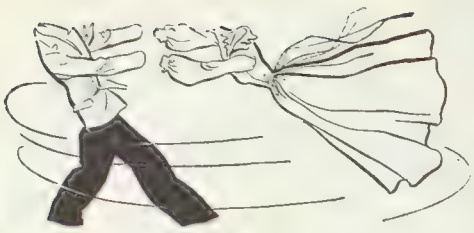
RISSOTTO

Ingredients: 3 oz. rice; 1 small onion; ½ pint tomato pulp; 1 pint stock; 3 oz. grated cheese; 1 oz. margarine; 1 carrot; seasoning.

Put rice in pan of boiling water and boil for 5 minutes. Strain and add margarine and onion finely sliced. Cook gently till onion is golden brown, add tomato and carrot diced, and half the stock. Cover pan and simmer gently till rice is soft, adding rest of stock gradually when needed. When thick and stiff add cheese. Pile on a dish and serve very hot.

RICE ROYAL

Wash 4 oz. of rice and cook gently with ½ pint milk and water. Sweeten with 2 oz. sugar and flavour with vanilla. When cooked add a few chopped cherries and dates. Make ½ pint vanilla custard, stiffened with ¼ oz. gelatine. Mix this with the rice and re-heat. Meanwhile put 2 oz. loaf sugar and a tablespoonful of water in a pan, boil quickly till dark golden colour. Pour caramel into a dry mould. When it has set, pour in rice mixture, hot, and when cold and quite set turn out onto a dish when caramel will form a sauce.



A WEEKLY 'DO' WITH THAWPIT GIVES FRESH LIFE TO YOUR CLOTHES

Clothes *absorb* dirt—thousands of tiny specks produce that dingy look. Keep your clothes smarter and make them last longer by regularly going over the collars, cuffs and waist-fronts with Thawpit, and you'll never have to have them cleaned. 1/3 a bottle. Non-inflammable.

THE ELDEST OF THE "THAWPIT DAILY HELPS"

SOME MORE OF THE THAWPIT DAILY HELPS

THORPES for the Heavy Wash
Thorpes **SPECIAL** for Woollens
Thorpes **ESS** for Smalls
Thorpes **CEE** for Carpets and Upholstery

I KNOW WHAT I LIKE FOR COLDS!

It smells nice, and feels grand and, my! how fast it brings relief!

Your little one feels better right away when you rub Vick on chest, throat and back at bedtime!
Works Outside! Vick warms the skin like a poultice, relieving achy tightness. **Works Inside!** At the same time, its medicinal vapours are breathed in, and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, ease coughing.
This "inside-outside" action works for hours while your little one sleeps. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR-RUB

Indoor Gardening

WITH careful planning, bulbs can provide table decoration throughout the winter months when flowers are both scarce and expensive. Staggered planting will ensure a succession of blooms from January to April. Snowdrops should have been planted last month if they are to open in time for Christmas, but crocuses and hyacinths planted now will bloom in the height of winter, with daffodils and tulips, planted in November, following along in the early spring.

Success is assured in the initial stages of planting. Soak the fibre well first and squeeze out to make it workable. From this moment until after the flowering period is over, the fibre should never be allowed to get dry. Gravel and small pebbles placed in the bottom of the bowl will help to keep the fibre drained and sweet.

Everyone knows that the bulb should be planted with the "nose" just above the surface of the fibre, but few realize the importance of keeping the bowls in a cool, airy place until the bulb is at least an inch high. Darkness helps in the formation of strong roots, but it is not essential, so if the only available dark cupboard is warm or airless, leave the bowls on the floor of a cold room instead. When the buds are formed, give them as much light as possible and bring them into a warm room to hasten the flowering.

Certain varieties can be grown successfully in water; crocuses, for instance, or Gertrude, a lovely dark pink hyacinth, and Grand Soleil d'Or, a large golden-yellow narcissus. The bulbs can be placed in special bulb vases or in a shallow dish of water, with gravel or small stones at the bottom and around the bulbs.

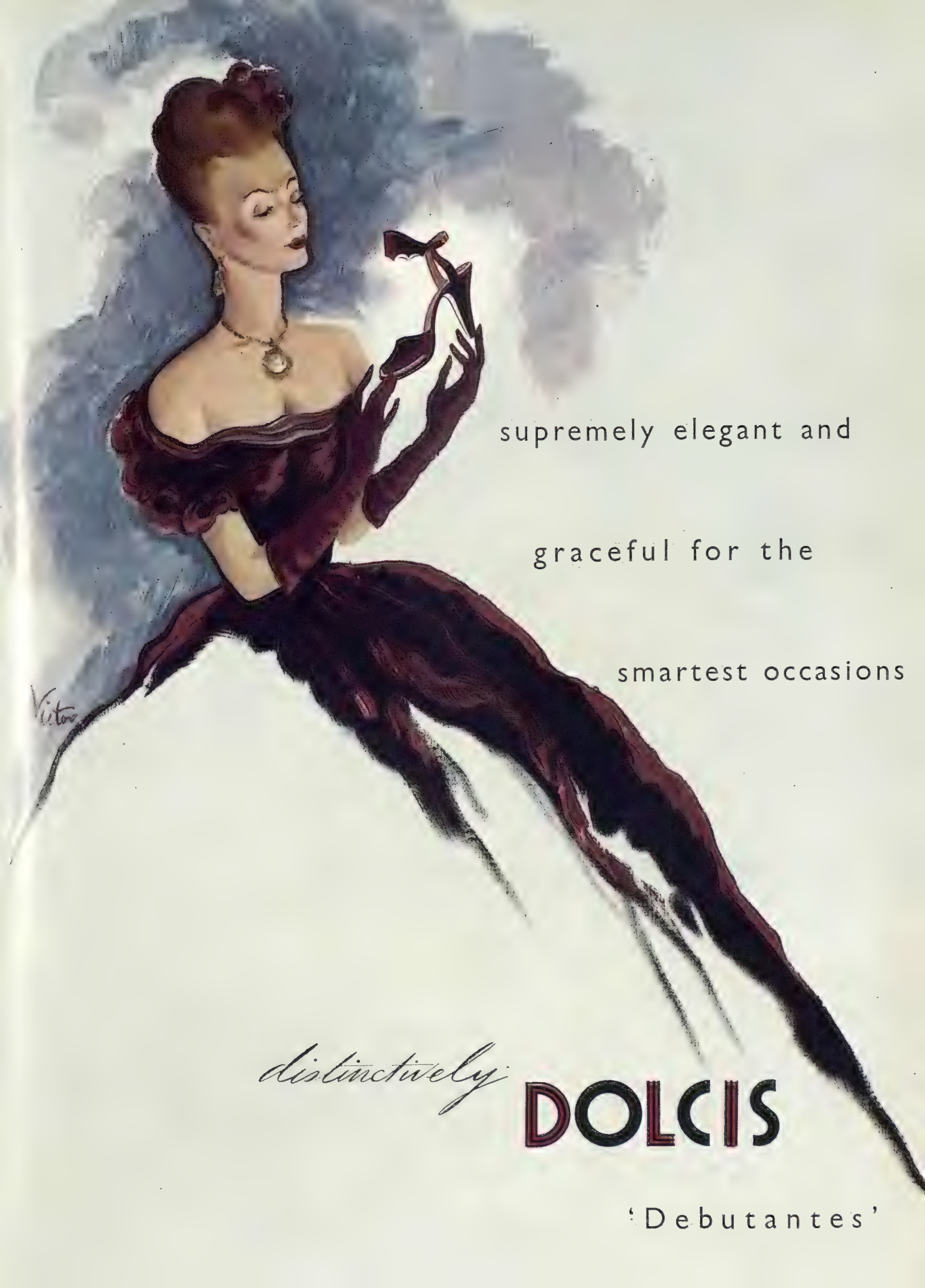
MORE varieties are now becoming available, so there is no need to stick to the ubiquitous hyacinth in a round bowl. Experiment with Freesia, Ixia, the African Corn Lily, and *Sparaxis Tricolor*, which for all their exotic, orchid-like beauty can be grown successfully in the house. *Muscari*, the small grape hyacinth, are well-tried favourites, but *Muscari Plumosus* will flower just as early with delicate porcelain-blue feathery blooms.

Crocuses, all of which except the gold varieties can be grown indoors, and *Iris Reticulata*, a dwarf-growing purple iris, if planted now, will make table decoration for the end of January and February.

THE beauty of the flowers will gain from ingenuity of display. A Victorian art pot planted with gay blooms will bring light and colour to a dark corner. The bulbs will thrive if they are given an occasional airing on the window sill. A hanging basket lined with green moss and planted with dwarf varieties, or small pots in toothbrush holders screwed into the side of the window frame, will give a touch of colour when the landscape outside is all drabness. Snowdrops, grape hyacinths, crocuses and the lovely *Fritillaria Meleagris*, commonly known as Snake's Head Lily, would all be suitable.

Variety on the theme of bulb bowl can be introduced cheaply and effectively with glazed baking dishes, tins enamelled or painted to prevent rusting, or even wooden boxes, painted to match the colour scheme. A square baking dish planted with giant hyacinth, or small casserole dishes massed with snowdrops or crocuses, make lovely table decoration for the spring.

Crocuses can be successfully grown in a shallow dish of water, with pebbles or gravel to support the bulbs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Auras FOR ASH BLONDES

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BY Wolsey

Idyll At Les Charmettes (*Continued from page 24*)

maternal relationship. This young light-of-heart Mme de Larnage—for that was evidently her name—was another story. . . .

Several months he stayed on at Montpellier to complete the cure. And on his return to *Les Charmettes*?—a chillness. No one to greet him, though he had written saying when he would arrive. And then Madame, airily, as if he were a casual caller: "Ah! there thou art, my little one! Hast thou had a pleasant journey? How do you do?" "Didn't you receive my letter?" he asked. "Yes," she replied. "I should hardly have thought so," he observed.

And this big, blustering Wintzenried, this journeyman barber who now managed the farm for Madame, with his vain, insolent airs, his boasts of conquests over Marchionesses, his sneers at books and poetry . . . what is he to her?

Rousseau soon discovers that he has been supplanted. It will make no difference to their friendship? Ah, but he loves her too much to share with another. It will break his heart, he says; he will die of it. No, he will leave first, and she will be sorry when he's gone. . . .

Well, if he must go, he must, says Madame gravely. Hadn't he neglected her, often going off on journeys? A friend at Grenoble has told her of a M. de Mably, Grand Provost of Lyons, who needs a tutor for his children. Perhaps. . . .

Sadly Rousseau gazes for the last time at his vineyard, his chestnut copse, and takes the road with his bundle—to Lyons . . Paris . . . Fontainebleau, where in due time King Louis and Madame la Pompadour watch his play *Le Devin du Village* from the royal box and he, in his, has candles to illuminate the face of the now famous author.

But he never forgets Madame and *Les Charmettes*. Havelock Ellis agrees that the golden age he wished to bring back to earth in his works was simply a generalization of the life he had himself lived there, in the glow of a protective woman's love.

END

King Boris Broadcasts (*Continued from page 12*)

property in the workers' state," said the king.

"Get in, Stefan. Drive me first to Comrade Mancuvin, with this woman Judas. Then, about your duty."

"Yes, comrade." said Andrew, cowering.

Tamar was biting her lip, not to laugh, as she saw the dispossessed driver creeping miserably away.

"You're a wonderful dictator," she said to Boris.

"Perfectly simple," he replied. "Give an order and crack the whip."

IN the early dawn, Broadcasting Building was circled by soldiers and police, so that it was hard to get the car up to the main entrance.

Andrew held his hand down on the horn continuously, continental fashion, swearing out of the window.

At the door, Boris stepped out, dragging with him Tamar, who had rubbed her eyes red. She was struggling and sobbing: "Hands off me, you filthy beast. . . ."

"Shut your mouth, slut. Comrade Mancuvin shall deal with you," shouted Boris. And, to Andrew, "Remember your orders, Stefan. I hold you responsible."

The car drove away through the crowd and, in the distance, Boris could hear Andrew's voice, cursing and threatening: "Out of my way, pigs, clods, middle-class lumps. . . ."

"Now for it," thought the king, and he went up the steps, with Tamar clawing and tugging at his arm.

The special pass was a magic wand and, within a few minutes, the king was in the presence of Mancuvin, who sat alone at a table, where there was a microphone. A revolver lay close to his right hand, and there was a telephone within reach. He was plainly on edge. Before Boris could speak he said, "You're wounded. Why are you late? Was there any mistake?"

"No, comrade."

"I know this woman, Rykoff, why have you brought her?"

"I hold her under arrest," said the king. "She is a traitor." Tamar raved, almost foaming at the mouth.

"He is the traitor. The murderer. You're both murderers. . . ."

"If you don't stop that screeching," said Mancuvin, "I'll leave you no tongue to speak. Explain what has happened, Ternheim."

"The king and his servant were ready and armed, when I came with Stefan," said Boris. "We were badly shot up. This woman was found in the royal suite."

"And the king?"

"He won't speak again," replied Boris. "All traces removed. We came back by the passage, and we brought the woman."

"Do what you like with her," said Mancuvin, viciously, "and then use a bullet."

Tamar leapt at Mancuvin, like a fury, and got her hands to his throat, screaming.

"Devil! Nazi! I'll tear the eyes out of your head. . . ."

Boris tore her away, striking her in the face.

"I'd shoot you now," he said, adding salaciously, "only I've other uses for you first."

"The shrew needs taming," said Mancuvin, feeling his throat. "Let her remain here," suggested Boris, "If you proclaim the people's republic it will be a nail in her coffin. I suspect that she and the king. . . ."

"He was a better man than you," stormed Tamar. "A better man than either of you state-owned monkeys. . . ."

"Put a muzzle on her," ordered Mancuvin, and Boris tied a handkerchief tightly over her mouth, whispering, "Keep it up. We're gaining time."

Mancuvin lighted a cigarette, offering one to the king.

"You have done good work to-day, Ternheim," he said, "we shall do well together, you and I."

"I desire only to serve the people," exclaimed Boris, fervently, adding, as if it were a sudden inspiration, "When you speak this morning, Comrade President, let me act as your announcer?"

"President, eh!" said Mancuvin, flattered.

"There could be no other," said the king.

"I grant your request," acceded Mancuvin, "You ask very little, but I will not be ungrateful." He took up the telephone: "Attention, please, an order. I speak at 7 a.m. precisely. Comrade Ternheim will announce me. No other person to enter this room."

"I am more than rewarded," said Boris, glancing at Tamar, who gave a tiny nod.

Now, in the corner of the studio was a grand piano, and this was nearly the downfall of the king.

He drifted towards a piano, as some men drift towards a billiard table or a pack of cards.

"There are ten minutes to spare, comrade," he said to Mancuvin, "D'you mind if I try the piano?"

Tamar shook her head frantically, but it was too late.

"You!" cried Mancuvin. "But you can't abide music!"

Boris tried to cover his blunder.

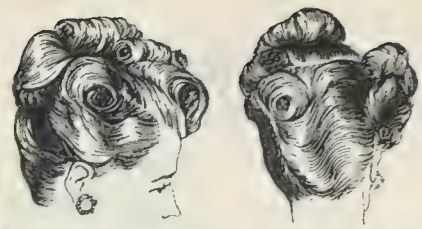
"I can't stand the classics," he said, laughing. "That is music for the idle rich. But swing! That is the people's music."

Mancuvin was now suspicious, watching Boris closely, noticing a signet ring on one finger. Another slip. . . .

Mancuvin's right hand crept towards his revolver, his left to the telephone.

"I did not fancy, comrade," he said, "that you could play any instrument at all."

Tamar flung herself at Mancuvin just before he could pick up his gun. She flourished her own revolver in his (*Continued on page 52*)



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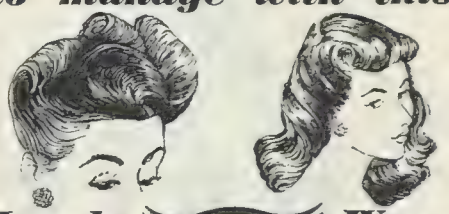

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face and Boris grabbed the weapon off the desk. Now he had a gun in each hand.

"Walk away from that desk," said Boris quietly to Mancuvin, "into that far corner."

So "the president" shuffled backwards, as from the presence of royalty.

Tamar kept him covered, while the king gagged him. Then they tied his ankles and wrists before bundling him into a huge cupboard. Boris turned towards Tamar and unloosed the handkerchief from her mouth.

"My God, you're a wonder."

"You nearly wrecked things," she said.

Boris took her in his arms.

"We're not out of the wood yet," said Tamar.

"I'll make sure of something lovely," said the king, kissing her. Then the clock struck seven and a warning red light went on. Without hesitation, Boris walked over to the microphone. Tamar stood well in the middle of the room, armed and vigilant to meet any emergency.

Boris said, without preamble: "I am not Mancuvin. I am the king. I refuse to abdicate, because I believe that I am a barrier against dictatorship. I believe in tolerance and freedom. I therefore declare the present regime invalid and I order an immediate free election, calling upon all citizens of goodwill to rally to the crown, which is above party. . . ."

Long before he had finished speaking the king could hear a confused hubbub outside the locked door. There were angry shouts and threats.

"Tamar," said the king.

"Boris?"

"Stand behind me. There. They'll break through. I don't know whether we shall get out of this building alive, but I took a chance. . . ."

"Things may tip either way," said Tamar.

"But at least, we're together, whatever happens."

"Frightened?" asked Boris.

"Not exactly. More excited."

The king had thrown aside all disguise and there was a fire in his eyes, as he turned to look at Tamar, standing at his shoulder. The panels were cracking and splitting. The lock was being levered out of its socket and, as the door caved in, armed guards burst through, firing and shouting for Mancuvin.

Boris returned their fire.

"The trussed fowl is in the cupboard," he shouted. "But he's not fit for human consumption!"

"Strike the tyrant dumb, blister his tongue!" yelled a fanatic, rushing upon the king, to shoot point-blank, but Tamar was too quick.

She hit the man's arm, and the bullet flew wide, shattering a window. Through the broken panes came another sound: the irresistible clamour of a great, moving crowd. Thousands had been gathering in the streets and squares, to hear Mancuvin's speech relayed from brazen speakers.

And now this ocean was seething into the building and up the stairs. Wave upon wave of a rising tide was breaking upon the police and guards outside, sweeping them away like wreckage, pouring into the studio.

"We want the king!"

"God save the king!"

"Give us liberty!"

"Your majesty!" cried a voice.

"Andrew, by God!" said the king. "You are a sight!"

There was blood upon Andrew's face and he was black from head to foot.

"'Ad a bit of a car smash, sir," he said. "But I got through."

"You would. And Markoff?"

"On the way now, sir, with cavalry and tanks. He lent me his own car."

"He doesn't know your driving." exclaimed the king, and through the clamour Tamar shouted:

"Andrew, you deserve all the medals there are!"

"Oh! no, Miss, no. I never stopped trembling the 'ole time."

The people were pressing all round the king now, wringing his hand, kissing it.

"God bless you all," he said. "And now let's all get home for a drink. I want to celebrate my engagement."

So saying, he took Tamar in his arms and kissed her before them all.

END

Scandinavian Siren (*Continued from page 15*)

stations sunk under the mountains, will be the first city on earth to be heated entirely by electricity).

The Germans made a no-man's-land of Finmark, the world's most northerly inhabited spot, devastating the country to block the Red Army pursuit as they retired at the war's end. They completely destroyed 500 factories, 150 schools, 12,000 dwellings, 24 telegraph and telephone stations, 20 churches, 22,000 telegraph poles, 350 bridges, 180 lighthouses, 118 small power stations, 350 fishing smacks with tackle worth a million pounds; and they deported 50,000 of the 75,000 population—the other 25,000 escaped by hiding in caves, turf huts and the south Vananger mines. They even blew up the house foundations, which means something when you have to excavate rock, and, anyway, go down four to six feet to get below the frost line. All available building material and skilled labour and money went into restoring the ruined province. That Number One job is about done now, but it's one of the factors which have operated to keep the Norwegians on scanty rations of consumer goods and meat and other imported foods.

Pre-war they could export so much timber, fish, metals, whale oil and shipping services, that they had the biggest import capacity per head of any country in the world except New Zealand. But besides wrecking large areas, the war cost them half their 4½ million tons of merchant shipping. They're hard up now for foreign exchange to buy coal, steel, machines, oil, and the thousands of miles of heavy electric cable they need for their power plants. They have ships and tankers building in half a dozen countries, and the bills have to be paid in pounds, dollars, Swedish kronen, Dutch guilder. So they're without luxuries, and short of necessities. The shops are the most sparsely filled of any in the nine European countries I've travelled in during the last six months.

ONE might not think that Sweden, war neutral and war-rich, would have to go into the siren business. However, when I hinted at this to a Swedish editor friend in Stockholm, he snorted.

"We finished the war with a couple of billions in foreign exchange and gold. Now, it's almost all gone. This cursed government let it run out in imports of American cars, furs, luxuries of all sorts. Now we've got a domestic inflation, and a foreign exchange famine. We're heading for a crisis. I pray daily that at the next election we get rid of this Socialist-ridden government."

In the long restaurant of the Grand, having consumed *turbot braise au Chablis*, and a thick juicy steak *bernaise*, we were getting down to about a couple of pounds of fresh raspberries, with thick cream and powdered sugar. Beyond the wide windows, ferry steamers and motor launches moved across the moonlit lake like giant fireflies. The King's palace was a dim square mass behind the tall, light globes of the quay on the opposite shore. The restaurant, on two levels to command the enchanted view, was full up. It was dance night—the big hotels have dancing only once a week. The small dance floor at the back was thronged with a smart crowd rhumba-ing with skill and abandon. The Swedes take their dancing gaily. The males don't go in for evening dress, but their womenfolk compensate with elaborate hair-dos and even more elaborate hats.

Yet for a moment the brilliant and beautiful façade cracked and I had the bizarre impression that I had dropped through and was back in England. (*Continued on page 54*)

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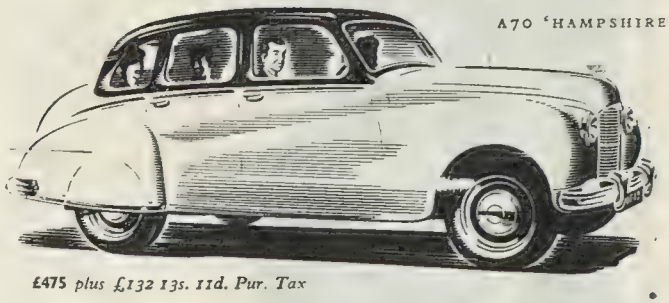

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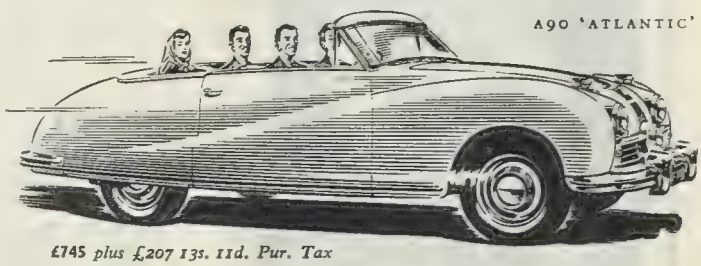

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Behind this façade were the same underlying ills—mismanagement, early false optimism and chickens now coming home to roost, Daltonian inflation and sudden awaredness and fear of the consequences, foreign exchange shortage, and a crisis round the corner.

However, the tourist should worry! So far there's no rationing in the shops, which are full of good things, including top-quality English-made textiles—fine wool socks at 4s. a pair, and men's ties of thick real silk—and real leather shoes selling for 40s. a pair. But on the Oslo-Stockholm sleeper the Customs glanced at my bags, opened nothing, and in the Copenhagen airport the bags were trolleyed off to the Paris plane without even a Customs' question. In the Customs' shed at Malmo, though, alongside the ferry steamer for Copenhagen, they went carefully through everything, and asked if my Leica and British portable radio had been bought in Sweden. They've tardily realized that when all the things they've bought with their war-trade-won foreign exchange are gone, they may not be able to replace them.

But with Sweden and Denmark separated by a strip of placid Baltic no wider than the sea between the Isle of Wight and the opposite English mainland, some things seep through. In Copenhagen, at dinner in the Trocadero bar-restaurant, a Danish girl pulled off an elegant patent slipper and displayed it. "Swedish—you can't get shoes like this in Denmark." She complained she could get only two pairs of silk stockings in three months at home, and they cost 20s. a pair, against 6s. in Sweden.

They're sending their butter to England in exchange for coal and steel. They're hard-

Scandinavian Siren

rationed on soap and chocolate, and the restaurants require meal coupons. But to the tourist Denmark is still a land of plenty. The outsize sheet of coupons you get on entry entitles you to soap, chocolate ("tourist" chocolate denied the Danes, as export textiles are denied the British), tobacco (hundred cigarettes a week), and five meals a day: breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and late supper. You can have meat at every meal, and all you want.

The Danes have their worries, too. They need rolling stock, new refrigeration plant, agricultural machinery, coal, electrical equipment, metals, chemical fertilizers. The tourist helps solve some of those buying problems. So they woo him, with their best. They don't want to lose him to Norway and Sweden.

In one field only the Scandinavian sisters sink their rivalries and merge their interests. Maybe with third World War in mind, they have combined their airlines into a single first-rate unit. Bypassing the Nord Express, thirty-one hours Copenhagen–Paris, via Hamburg (five kronen transit pass from the Allied Military Control office), we flew to Paris in a Scandinavian Lines Skymaster in 3½ hours. With the free lunch, ham, hard-boiled eggs, sliced cold pork, tomatoes and cucumber, bread-and-butter, a pastry, coffee, sweet biscuits, and a milk chocolate bar, I had a couple of Scotches, export brand—one-third more alcoholic content than the home-market brew. Price: three kroner, or say 3s.

I shall fly Scandinavian again.

END

The Sea Bed Is Wonderful

(*Continued from page* 16)

a metal helmet which enabled the wearer to descend to "sea gardens" of somewhat rarer and richer nature. The Americans have been the pioneers, as the gear on sale along the Mediterranean shows. They also started the under water shotgun. But the war blacked out their stunts, and it is really only now that the story can be resumed—told from this side for a change.

The new under-water cult may be observed at varying depths. I have given one of them. It might be called the sub-surface manifestation. Actually there is one closer to the shore and it might be called the sterns-up demonstration. I chanced upon it at Gorguette, near Toulon, one Sunday afternoon.

Imagine a stony little bay, fairly shallow. In the water, at varying depths, were the males, most of them wearing goggles; on the beach, generally speaking, the females. Scores and scores, all told, and a great hubbub pierced by the shrillness of childhood.

Whether standing or swimming, the males were all the time putting their heads far under, and when they did so, one saw only their posteriors, rows and rows of wriggling, splashing, posteriors.

Every time a male came up for air—and how he needed it—he threw his catch to his female on the beach. Sometimes it hit you because all catches were a succession of prickly sea-urchin, punctuated by an occasional hermit-crab and dahlia.

It was all a tremendous competition the like of which I had never before met with in the South and I inquired its cause.

Said a Madame between rushes for her man's latest catch: "This is all good food. Why pay the abominable prices that are now asked even on the waterfront? Besides, we show the bourgeois that their expensive gadgets are not necessary!"

"But surely you are not going to eat *that?*" I uttered, pointing to the sea anemone I now know to be a dahlia.

Madame's reply was really sudden. "My friend," said she, "if the English ate that, they'd eat better! You wash it, dry it, and then fry in butter or stew in wine. My man likes both and it tastes as good to him as any lobster at a thousand francs the kilo."

I did not include "sterns up" for a laugh, but because it forms an integral part of this story. Extortionate times are causing peoples of the "Med." to nourish themselves from the sea in a manner which the scientists have so far only got to talking about, with their chat of "sea farming" and "marine agriculture" destined to fill all our tummies one day.

FOR further knowledge in this line, a good man to turn to is fifty-year-old Henri Chevenec, dentist at a small port and president of the Club Alpin Sous-Marin. This man of splendid physique brings us to the next stage or depth in the under-water cult.

Champion deep diver, Chevenec has now advanced to wearing a development of the "hat" mentioned earlier. He and his pupils wear special breathing apparatus on their chests and have their heads entirely closed in. The technique is to go down roped together like mountaineers, perhaps a chain of four or five. It is really a development of the native divers who go down tethered to a marble slab, though the Riviera enthusiasts are content with twenty or twenty-five feet.

It may have been such an excursion that caused Group Capt. Donaldson, "fastest man in the world," to enthuse: "As fascinating as flying—I intend to train myself for prolonged under-water excursions." That was after a chain visit to a sea-bed grotto off Le Trayas, near Cannes, known as "The Valley of Death." Donaldson, however, may have been in an ordinary diving-suit, than which there is, of course, nothing better. The trouble is that it takes such a time to put it on.

But the trouble about the breathing apparatus is that, a mere four or five fathoms down, the water is quite cold, and the warm air breathed in the helmet makes it feel all the colder by comparison. One's head and shoulders are dry and warm, but the rest of one's person is wet and cold and after a few minutes anyone but the trained and accustomed devotee is too chilled to remain down, other things being equal—which they often are not.

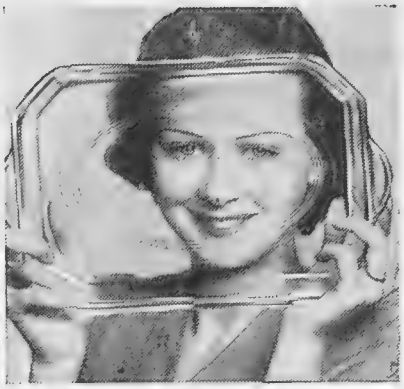
The beginner in a diving-suit usually arrives at the bottom horizontally or on his head. But without it he may drown, if he tilts too far from the vertical, while he is open to cuts and stings and bruising in the nude, especially vicious stings. Evidently man is not wanted even twenty feet down. Yet they do say it's *wonderful.*

END

SEE?

. . it's

CLEAR



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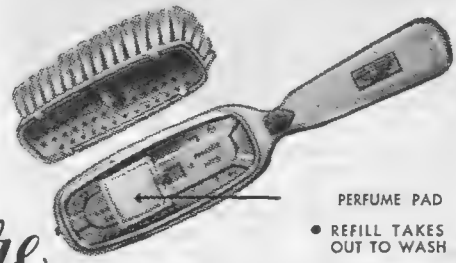

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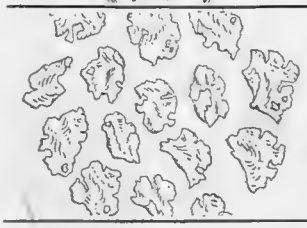
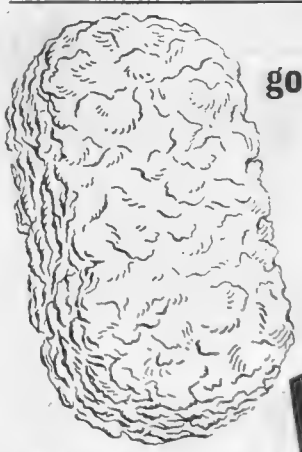


malted, salted, and toasted . . .



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Abbotsford

(*Continued from page 25*)

for him, counted before other things and often through his efforts to further his friends' interests, he was poorly rewarded. In 1809, after quarrelling with his publisher, Archibald Constable, Scott set up a firm of his own making, John Ballantyne & Co. of Hanover Street, Edinburgh. This consisted of two brothers, Border lads and old acquaintances, with Scott himself, who contributed three-quarters of the capital. A small printing business, already established by James Ballantyne, was co-opted. Neither of the brothers had any real business acumen or knowledge of the publishing trade and John was an extravagant ne'er-do-well. The venture was doomed from the outset.

In 1817 the publishing side of the business was liquidated, and the debts, estimated at £10,000, transferred to the printing department which carried on the firm. Meantime, Scott bore the brunt of the failure, repaying some of the original loans and paying interest on others, while John became his salaried literary agent and James continued to run the printing business.

Scott now realized that the results of his literary labours were not just a pleasant source of extra income but a stern necessity. His establishment as a Border laird had encouraged his "Yerd-hunger" and led him, time and again, to buy land, sometimes from a harassed neighbour, at far too high a price. This, with the building of Abbotsford and the Ballantyne debts were costing him more than he could afford. Literature, "a good staff," had become "a bad crutch."

But if he relied for credit on the future, this was no idle procrastination. His first novel, *Waverley*, which had appeared anonymously in 1814, had been a stupendous success, and the public waited impatiently for the next one. Between hours at the Law Courts and frequent visits to Abbotsford to superintend building operations and to entertain a constant flow of distinguished guests, Scott worked exhaustively at his writing.

Eighteen hundred and twenty-five was a portentous year. Abbotsford in all its romantic trappings, part Gothic, part Scottish Baronial, part pure fantasy, and adorned with innumerable ancient relics from all over Scotland, was completed. "Abbotsford is all I can make it," Scott wrote, "so I resolve on no more building and no purchases of land till times are safe again." Those times never came, but the Fates withheld tragedy for an enchanted spell while the Border laird, beloved and respected by both equals and dependents, delighted in playing the genial host like some mediæval chieftain of his clan, surrounded by the pageant of what was almost a feudal existence come to life.

The blow fell in 1826. Scott found himself involved in a disastrous financial crash, mainly through the bankruptcy of the Ballantyne firm whose liabilities amounted to £64,000. The details are obscure but the outcome was that Scott again shouldered most of the burden and was consequently insolvent. The other debtors fought for time and leniency but Scott set his face against the easy way, prepared to relinquish everything and determined to pay every penny of the debt by his own hand. "For myself, I feel like the Eilden Hills," he wrote, "quite firm though a little cloudy. I do not dislike the path that lies before me. I have seen all that society can show, and enjoyed all that wealth can give me, and I am satisfied that much is vanity if not vexation of spirit.'

Scott's creditors knew him to be a man of his word. They held a meeting and signed a Trust Deed by which he was "given the lands and house of Abbotsford rent-free and allowed to retain his official incomes as Sheriff and Clerk of Court." Scott was touched by this generous remand and while rejoicing in his continued existence at Abbotsford, vowed himself to a future of unremitting toil. "I am convinced," he wrote, "that in three years I could do more than in the last ten."

Scott carried out his herculean task with determination, and during the next few years a large part of the debt was cleared. But his best work had been done. With *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian* and the *Bride of Lammermuir*, the peak of his achievement had been reached. In these latter years, however, he wrote *Woodstock*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, his biography of Napoleon and the delightful *Tales of a Grandfather*, among other things.

But this strenuous labour exacted a heavy price. On a February afternoon, returning from the Law Courts, Scott had a stroke and fell unconscious at his daughter's feet. The doctors were tactful but he knew that his days were numbered and resigned from his legal duties. He was now free to live all the year at Abbotsford, but the old days were departed, his wife was dead and Scott obsessed by the need to write, could hardly be persuaded to leave his desk.

Scott died in 1832 and his daughter, Sophia Lockhart, eventually inherited Abbotsford, her grandson, General Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott, being the present owner. Abbotsford is still a family home as Scott would have wished it to be. But the stream of literary pilgrims, sometimes as many as thirty thousand in a year, is admitted to some parts of the old house. The long library, commanded by Chantrey's bust of Scott is open to the public, as are the Chinese drawing-room and the book-lined study where Sir Walter's chair and desk remain, just as he left them. The wonderful collection of art treasures, antique relics and interesting paintings is in itself an absorbing exhibition. But for most visitors the interest is not merely literary or antiquarian. As the home of this great and much-loved Scotsman, Abbotsford is for many the most romantic spot in Scotland.

END

How Race Winners Are Bred

(*Continued from page 20*)

thing to be taken into consideration is temperament. The stallion, Royal Realm was well known for getting nasty-tempered stock; and I shall never forget staying at Kentford, and hearing Orpheus, who stood at the Medler Stud, screaming like a maniac. In common with his namesake, he certainly made people "bow their heads when he did sing," but for a different reason!

If the mating of a certain horse and mare produces a first-class animal, it is by no means certain that the same result will be arrived at a second time. Sometimes a second mating with the sire which has resulted in a good winner has satisfactory results, as in the case of the mare, Rosy Legend, who is the dam of Dante and Sayajirao, both by Nearco, and both Classic winners; but more often than not, this attempted repetition is unsuccessful, and after all, this is not to be wondered at, when we take the case of human beings. Some families are consistently brilliant for generations, whereas a family of six children may produce one genius and five nondescripts!

In the second autumn of its life, the yearling probably leaves the stud where it was born, and takes up residence in a racing stable, and from there, during the following spring or summer, it may journey to make its first appearance on a racecourse. The interest in its début will vary, according to the standard of its preparation: but one thing is certain—the personnel of the stud from which it came will be buying their evening papers, or listening to the six o'clock news to see if it has "done anything," and its possibilities as a future winner will be discussed over pints in the local, and, if he has not already achieved such an honour, the stud groom will probably put his empty tankard on the counter, shake his head, and say:

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END

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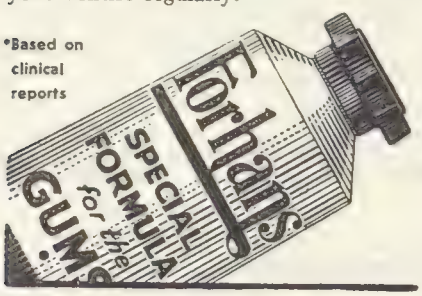

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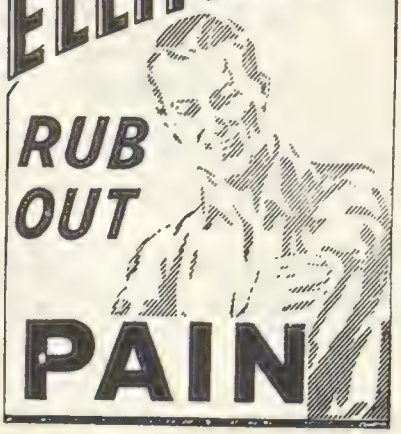

RUB OUT PAIN

Men Round A Table (*Continued from page* 13)

When men get round a table to talk about peace, the war-time atmosphere of urgency seems to fizzle out and unity of action falters. A trio of war leaders can get things done, but, almost inevitably, intrigue and delay creep in to upset the deliberations of peace-makers. This was the picture, to some extent, at the Paris conference in 1919, at the end of the first World War.

There were over forty nations represented at Paris, and they were faced with formidable tasks of treaty-making, adjustment of territorial claims and reparations. Difficulties that arose over the agenda, and objections by the smaller nations that all the power was in the hands of Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States and Japan did not make for the smooth working of the conference. But solid results—among them the formation of the League of Nations—were achieved at Paris, and the peace-making conference of 1919 has not the reputation for frivolity and gay junketing that, rightly or wrongly, attaches to the Vienna congress of 1814.

There has never been such a glittering assembly of European personages as met in the Austrian capital to tidy up the frontiers of Europe after the defeat of Napoleon. In the last months of 1814 the leading statesmen, at least one emperor, several minor rulers, dozens of German princelings and hosts of diplomatic officials, wives and friends crowded into the city. Housing became an urgent problem and entertainment a major undertaking that was said to have cost impoverished Austria three million pounds sterling.

IN this hectic round of banquets, balls and receptions the work of the congress sometimes made little headway. "Congress dances," said Talleyrand, the French envoy. Many of the lesser delegates probably had no objection to this, but for Talleyrand, Castlereagh (Great Britain), Emperor Alexander I (Russia), Prince von Hardenberg (Prussia) and Metternich (Austria)—who, like Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson at Paris in 1919, were the big men at the conference—the constant distractions seriously delayed the more important matters. Rumour and intrigue flourished, too, in this ballroom atmosphere, and it became obvious, as the congress dragged on, that music-loving, sophisticated Vienna was no place for Europe's peace-makers to meet round a conference table.

Since then, the tempo of international conferences, large and small, has changed. The spirit of Vienna, 1814, is dead. Lights that burn late at modern congresses are less likely to be for a masked ball than for yet another official conversation. To-day's top-level talks are too vital for more than formal entertainment, dispensed as a diplomatic courtesy.

BESIDE Vienna, 1814, the earlier congresses that concluded some of Europe's perpetual wars, though they were important, seem colourless. There was Utrecht, 1712–1713, where delegates sat to patch up the peace after the War of the Spanish Succession; and there was Westphalia, where attempts to end the Thirty Years' War began in 1642 and only finished six years later. Unhurried negotiations in a different sphere went on at the great Council of Trent, at which bishops and papal envoys sat from 1545 to 1563 to reform the Roman Catholic Church.

History has many stories of men round a table and mythology has one too, from the Arthurian legend. The tale goes that at his wedding King Arthur was given a table that seated 150 knights. That table was round so that no knight should be inferior to another and each have his fair say. One feels, especially in these days of critical Four-Power conversations, United Nations' conferences and Benelux meetings (to say nothing of the recently proposed European assembly) that the man who designed Arthur's table had the right idea.

END

Reynard The Fox (*Continued from page* 29)

naturalists are sceptical of, yet eye-witnesses maintain is true. The story concerns foxes and fleas, or other verminous company. It is alleged that when a fox desires to give itself a thorough "spring cleaning" it makes its way to some water and then slowly walks in. It gradually walks towards deeper water until eventually only the tip of its nose and mouth are above the surface. Some people say the fox carries in its mouth a piece of wool which it holds aloft at this stage. Finally the fox walks ashore, gives itself a vigorous shake and walks off, vermin-free once more.

Dismiss such a story as a fable if you will, there is no denying that foxes are cunning creatures. Old Charles St. John tells a story of how he watched a fox reconnoitring from behind a wall. On the other side were some hares feeding. The fox closely examined the wall and finding a gap where the hares probably passed to and fro, it lay down beside it. Scraping a small earth-work to conceal itself, the fox waited patiently. Now and again it took a cautious peep through the gap at the prospective meal. St. John tells what followed:

> Presently two hares came directly towards him; though he did not venture to look up, I saw by an involuntary motion of his ears that those quick organs had already warned him of their approach; the two hares came through the gap together, and the fox, springing with the quickness of lightning, caught one and killed her immediately; he then lifted his booty and was carrying it off like a retriever, when my rifle-ball stopped his course.

The fox is well equipped for getting its living. Alert, agile, resourceful, it soon captures a meal when out on a foray. Once at grips with its prey the struggle is short and sharp. The forty-two teeth, from the razor-sharp canines to the cleaver-like back teeth, give short shrift to most birds and animals that a fox cares to tackle. A game-keeper told me that the strength of a fox's jaw is such that it can send the keen teeth clear through a man's hand and sever it at the wrist!

END

In Search Of Glamour (*Continued from page* 42)

modern old women have completely forgotten what their mothers taught them when they were young. They are apt to walk and sit and stand in a fashion more slovenly even than young women. They have forgotten the art of sitting up straight in a straight-backed chair. They have forgotten how to stand, with their tummies pulled in and their backs straight and their heads held high. They have even forgotten how to walk properly. The only way to re-learn is to have a course of exercises given by an expert, or else study and practice the daily dozen as conscientiously performed as the brushing of the teeth.

Nothing is better than body massage combined with exercise but this is often not practical for women who have little time or money to spare, or for those who live in the country. Almost every woman suffering from visceroptosis (dropped tummy) has only herself to blame. If she had kept her muscles well toned, held herself properly, and been careful in choosing a proper foundation support, her tummy muscles would have been flat and taut no matter what her age. Even after abdominal operations exercises specially designed to tone up the tummy muscles can be given.

END

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is right for everyone

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PRO IMPREGNATE CUTIE

IDEAL FOR TOILET AND NURSERY

Cardigan In Cable (*Continued from page* 36)

k. 1, p. 1. Change to main patt. and work 5 ins. Change to No. 12 needles and work 2 ins. k. 1, p. 1, rib. Change to No. 9 needles and main patt. and continue until 15 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side of work facing).

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows, *at the same time*, dec. 1 st. at the front edge of next and every 3rd row following until armhole measures 7 ins. and 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the Right Front with shaping at the opposite edges.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows.

Next row.—Rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3.

Next row.—Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3. Continue in ribbing, making buttonholes 2½ ins. apart and making the last button hole *at the beginning* of the front dec. at neck. Continue in ribbing to go round the neck and down the lower edge of left front.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 54 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 2½ ins. Make 1 st. at the end of the last row (55 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and main patt. Work 1 in. Now inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 91 sts. and sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off (loosely) 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Sew up the shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on front band, beg. at the centre back, and sew down each side. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Man's Reversible Pullover

(*Continued from page* 36)

and place on spare needle. Cast off 36, knit 17.

4th row.—Cast off 9, p. 8.

5th row.—K. 9.

6th row.—Cast off.

4th row of other side.—Join wool at he neck edge. P. 9.

5th row.—Cast off.

Holding the work right side towards you d using brown wool, pick up 120 sts., along he lower edge of the welt. Work up this ide to correspond, with the first, using brown wool instead of beige.

THE FRONT

Begin at the lower edge with No. 10 needles nd fawn wool. Work as for the back until 06 sts. remain after armhole shaping and nding on a purl row.

NECK SHAPING

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 49, k. 2 tog. turn place the remaining sts. on a spare needle).

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

4th row.—P.

5th row.—K. 2 tog., k. until 2 sts. remain. 2 tog.

Now dec. 1 st. at the armhole edge 5 times nore, *at the same time* dec. 1 st. at the neck dge and every 4th row until 28 sts. remain. Work 3 rows after the last dec.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Next row.—Cast off 9, k. until 2 sts. emain, k. 2 tog.

Next row.—P. Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next row, then on the next alternate row. Cast off. Join wool at the neck edge and work up the other side to correspond with the first side.

Hold work right side towards you and using brown wool, pick up 120 sts. along the lower edge of welt, and work this side to correspond with the first, using brown wool instead of beige.

SLEEVE BANDS

Fit the fabrics together with the p. rows inside. Joint the front and back shoulder seams, sewing beige to beige and brown to brown. Holding the work with the beige side towards you and using beige wool. Pick up and k. 108 sts. all round the armhole *taking both thicknesses*, work 5 rows, k. 2, p. 2, rib. Join on the brown wool with a k. row. Work 6 rows k 2, p. 2 rib. Cast off loosely in rib. Work the other armhole to correspond.

BACK NECK BAND

Holding the beige side towards you and using beige wool, pick up and k. 36 sts. across the back of neck (picking up both thicknesses). Work 3 rows garter stitch. Join on brown wool, and work 5 rows garter stitch. Cast off loosely.

SIDE NECK BANDS

Holding the work beige side towards you and using beige wool, pick up and k. 38 sts. down one side of neck. Work as for the back neck, joining on the brown wool at the beg. of the 4th row. Work the other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up the beige seams and press them. Then sew up the brown seams. Stitch the brown armhole bands all round the edge of the brown armholes. Then stitch the brown neck bands all round the brown edges of neck. Joint centre front and corner edges of neck band, and press.

END

No Orchards For Miss Breve

(*Continued from page* 19)

Grant watched their approach from the small window amusedly. He stepped outside as they arrived.

"Good afternoon," he said pleasantly.

The Brigadier stopped and his troop shuffled to an uneasy halt behind him. He was annoyed to find that Mr. Grant was the taller by half a head. "Look here, you fellow you," he began, looking up and trying to appear as if he was looking down.

"What's the deputation? Want to lend a hand on the land?"

"I'll have you know, sir, that we're friends of Miss Breve," said the Brigadier icily.

"Oh, then why are you here? She lives at the Manor House. If you follow this path. . . ."

"I don't think you understand. Miss Breve is anxious to speak to you, and when I was a young man a summons from a lady required something more than an abusive reply."

Mr. Grant said meaningly, "I'll bet it did." He reached an arm into the shed and pulled a shotgun into view. The deputation withdrew a pace. Mr. Grant swung the barrel in a lazy but competent-looking arc. "You're on my property," he said in a reasonable voice.

"Why, you puppy!" The Brigadier took a step forward.

The muzzle lifted to his stomach. "Just as you like, it's only buckshot."

"I'll have the law on you for this!"

"Ever hear of the law of trespass?"

The Brigadier turned to consult his troop who were edging back. There was a roar behind him and buckshot sang over their heads towards the distant trees. Followed an instant scramble for the path.

The Brigadier kept ahead easily. He hurled himself forward in much the same way as he had done against a (*Continued on page* 62)

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STOP PRESS: *Odol mouth wash is back again!*

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FLOOR POLISH & FURNITURE CREAM

Ask also for **RONUK BOOT POLISH**

German machine-gun nest on "The Ridge." This time, however, there was no mistake about the direction in which the enemy lay.

Orgy Breve watched them return across the lawn. The order of battle was unaltered except that the Honourable Member and Mr. Lank were now vieing for second place. She waited until they were halfway up the steps, then she slipped out of a French window at the side.

She set off in search of Mr. Andrew Grant who had treated her emissaries with so much contempt.

He had his back to her as she came up to the tool shed and he was passing a cleaning rod through the barrel of the shot-gun.

"Good afternoon," she said cautiously.

"They went that way." He hooked a thumb down the path.

"Yes, I know. I'm Miss Breve."

Mr. Grant turned round. He squinted down the barrel, "Clean, bright and slightly oiled," he muttered, "as the Brigadier would say. You've got quite an army up there."

"Yes, I'm afraid they're rather a nuisance."

"Well, now." He looked at her closely for the first time. Orgy Breve turned her head towards the trees giving him an exquisite profile. Mr. Grant was unmoved. "You're losing a comb."

She retrieved the comb. Orgy Breve had met a man she couldn't collect.

"Can we talk business?" she said, her eyes drawn to ingenious width.

"Certainly, come into the office." He kicked the door open and followed her in. She arranged herself fastidiously on a fruit case. He said, "Have an apple, no charge!"

"Thank you. Now Mr. Gr—— I suppose I can call you Andrew, we're practically related."

"Of course. Practically we are related, theoretically we're not."

"Yes," said the girl hastily. "Now I want to buy back my orchards from you, Andrew."

Mr. Grant ground black, evil-looking tobacco into his palm. "They are not for sale."

"But they've been in my family for generations!"

"*Our* family," corrected her companion gently.

"This is intolerable."

"I find it tolerable."

"That's not my point."

"It's my livelihood."

"Where shall I put the core?" said Miss Breve unexpectedly. Andrew Grant took the core from her and tossed it far across the grass. "Thank you. What about coming up to the house to-night and discussing it?"

"I was going to drive down and look at my boat."

"Boat?' Her face lit up.

"Yes, I've a forty-foot ketch."

"How wonderful! Can I see it some time?"

"Certainly."

"What about coming up to-night and then I could come down and look at your boat to-morrow with you?"

Mr. Grant deliberated. "No third degree from the Boy Scout Troop?"

"No third degree."

"By the way. . . ."

Miss Breve hoped she knew what he was going to say. "Yes?" Her brown eyes were alight.

"Which of the boys is on the rails?"

"No favourites, Andrew."

"The Brigadier moves well."

"The Brigadier is married."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Grant shortly. "A family failing."

The girl's eyes blazed. "That was a foul thing to say."

"I agree. I'm sorry."

Orgy Breve stood up and straightened her skirt. "I shall expect you after dinner," she said.

"Thank you," said Andrew.

He watched her move off up the path.

AS Orgy Breve mounted the stairs to change she heard a hiss ahead of her. She looked up to see Bernard Lank's lumpy head poking through a crack in his door. "Orgy?"

"Yes?"

When she was within reach, one of Mr. Lank's thin claws seized her wrist. "A twyst," he whispered dramatically.

No Orchards For Miss Breve

"Yes, yes, very clever," said Miss Breve patiently. She recovered her arm.

"No, no! A twyst to-night?"

"What do you mean?" said the girl coldly.

"Let's have a twyst at midnight?"

"Oh, a tryst."

"Yes, I have a new piece for you. My twoth in poetwy!" Bernard Lank's eyes were afire.

"All right, Bernard, what about the summer-house?"

Mr. Lank fell on his knees. "You'll not wegwet it." He seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

Miss Breve went on languidly to her room.

AS the maid was fastening the back of her plum-coloured evening dress there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" she called.

"It's me. Stanley," said Hamptonbury. When he was inside he shuffled. "Changing?" he divined cleverly.

"Yes, for dinner," said his hostess, anticipating his next question.

Mr. Hamptonbury fell to fingering his moustache until the maid had gone. "Orgy, I must see you, alone."

"But we're alone now, Stanley."

Stanley suspected the value of this statement. "Really alone," he insisted, "can't I see you later to-night, it's very important."

"All right, Stanley," said the girl demurely. "What about the summer-house at midnight?"

"What about it?" said the Honourable Member, puzzled.

"What about meeting me there, Stanley?"

"Meeting? Oh, yes, jolly good idea." He moved doggishly to the door. "At midnight," he repeated slowly, and disappeared.

Orgy Breve smiled wryly at her reflection in the mirror. "Men!" she whispered and laughed shortly. But she was thinking of one man.

MR. LANK entered the billiards room after dinner. The Brigadier had, symbolically, just potted a red with vicious accuracy.

"What is it, Lank?" he said testily.

"That fellow's here."

Mr. Hamptonbury's voice came out of the gloom. "Which fellow?"

"The orchard chap we saw this afternoon."

"What!" The Brigadier's cue thumped. "Yet to learn his lesson, has he? Come, Hamptonbury!"

Mr. Grant was talking to Orgy on the settee under the brooding gaze of Bradford E. Parsted. For the second time that day the trio bore down upon him.

"Ah, Brigadier," he said pleasantly, raising his glass a little.

"Orgy," said the Brigadier, "is this fellow annoying you?"

"No." Miss Breve regarded him innocently

"Oh!"

"Have you met?" went on the girl, turning to her guests. "Brigadier Barker-Lyle, Mr. Hamptonbury, the Member for Bosworth, and Mr. Lank, the poet."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the guest.

"How do you do?" said the gentlemen in order of seniority.

"Sorry about the shotgun, it has a hair-trigger."

"To those unaccustomed to firearms . . ." began the Brigadier.

"Mr. Grant was in the Guards," said his hostess softly.

"Oh, was he?" The Brigadier had originally come from a County Regiment.

"How are things in Westminster, Mr. Hamptonbury?" said the guest courteously.

"Coming along. Coming along nicely."

The Brigadier took this for a cue. "Keeping us pretty short at the War Office, Hamptonbury."

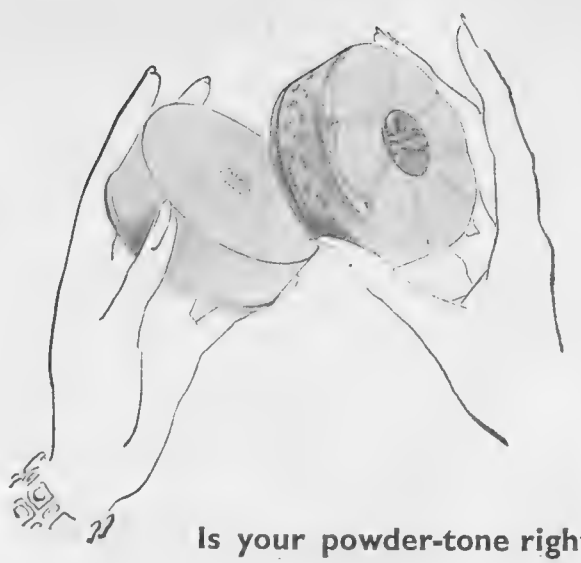
"Never mind," said Miss Breve, "it means you don't have to work so hard."

"It means I have to work harder, my dear," said the Brigadier patiently.

"All in the same boat," said Mr. Hamptonbury. "Backs to the wall!"

"We cweative people . . ." began Mr. Lank.

(*Continued on page* 64)



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"This is no time for poetry," cut in the Brigadier.

"No, sir!" said Mr. Parsted, coming to life.

"I don't know what Amewicans know about it," said Mr. Lank, incensed.

"I'm feeling rather warm," said Miss Breve.

"Care for a stroll?" Four voices spoke in unison.

"Well, I think Mr. Grant can take me, we still have some business to talk over."

When they were outside, "You see what I mean?" said Miss Breve. "I can't stand much more."

"I had it wrong, I thought it was me they were hunting." He sat against the balustrade.

Orgy Breve leaned against him and set her head on his shoulder. "There's worse to come, I've promised to meet three of them in the summer-house at midnight."

"You seem to have your head on my shoulder."

"Don't worry, everything is above-board."

"In that case. . . ." Thirty seconds slipped by. "Do you know," Mr. Grant lifted his head at last, "the fact that eight hot eyes are watching us gives the gesture an added subtlety."

"Yes," said Miss Breve dreamily. She had forgotten about her original reparations. "Andrew . . . Andrew, let's go and see the boat now."

"Now?"

"Yes, you must get me away from here before midnight."

"Hmmmmmm," said Mr. Grant, and fell to stroking a blue chin. "You realize. . . ." he began cautiously.

"Don't be old-fashioned."

"All right."

"You mean, all right, you won't be old-fashioned, or, all right, you'll come to my rescue?"

"I'll come to your rescue," said Mr. Grant surrendering.

"Thank you, Andrew."

AT eleven-thirty, Orgy passed through her guests, "Good-night, Brigadier."

"G'night, Orgy." The Brigadier felt the soft scrape of pasteboard in his hand. As the door closed he strolled casually to the other end of the room. He glanced furtively at the card. It said, "Can I meet you in the summer-house at midnight? Orgy."

The blood spread comfortably to his face. He felt like a very old bull, who, stumbling along behind the herd, comes upon a delectable tuft which the others in their haste have missed.

"Well!" he bellowed, preserving the simile, "better be an early night I think."

The suggestion met with unanimous approval, and after smug, hypocritical good-nights, the company went quietly to bed.

THE old-fashioned roadster held crazily to the road under a velvet sky. Dark hedges swam and Mr. Grant was singing lustily. Orgy Breve concentrated while he climbed shakily down to the bottom "G" in "Drinking."

She wriggled more deeply into her furs. "I'm not certain that I don't prefer Bernard Lank reading one of his epics." Mr. Grant's foot lifted on the accelerator. "I mean," added Miss Breve hastily, "as far as the words go. Of course, your voice is wonderful."

The foot sank. "I bet he's writing the epic to beat all epics now."

The girl sighed. "I wonder how they're getting on? I hope the Brigadier doesn't maul anyone."

THE Brigadier crept into the summer-house and without warning was enfolded in the sticky arms of Mr. Lank.

"Darling," said Mr. Lank huskily. At this precise moment they were both illumined in the beam of Mr. Parsted's powerful torch.

"Oh . . . er . . . sorry," muttered the American, backing away.

"Confound you, Lank!" shouted the Brigadier.

"No, no. My mistake," said Mr. Parsted, and hurried off.

"Come back you fool!" cried the Brigadier, "and let me explain."

Mr. Parsted didn't go back. Instead he ran swiftly round the corner of the summer-house. He ran full-tilt into Mr. Hamptonbury.

"Darling," said Mr. Hamptonbury, ecstatically.

"For gosh sakes!" snarled the canning magnate, exasperated. He lifted the torch and hit the M.P. neatly between the eyes. He disappeared hastily towards the house.

The Brigadier and Mr. Lank racing round the corner, stumbled over Mr. Hamptonbury and measured themselves full-length on the stone path.

The Brigadier recovered first and put a hand towards the white smudge of Mr. Hamptonbury's face. "Orgy," he muttered hoarsely. His fingers fumbled suddenly upon the silken moustache.

He drummed his heels. "Bah!" he trumpeted, "it's those damned reds again!"

END

No Orchards For Miss Breve

International Incident

(*Continued from page 28*)

and Betty suggested that we should tow the boat out of the creek with the dinghy, and then just drift down river "like the barges do."

Being owner, and having some affection for my property, I objected, but Rutt thought it a brilliant idea, and I found myself in a minority of one.

We couldn't budge her with the dinghy. There's not much power in a single pair of oars, and we couldn't ship the outboard for fear of the noise attracting attention. So we took that boat to the mouth of the creek by a sort of special delivery. "Yes, Sir!" as Rutt kept saying in a kind of commentary on outstanding events, we wrestled her with bare hands, and no holds barred.

But the thought of freedom buoyed us, and we made it, and once outside, the current took us downstream in leisurely circles. The old girl seemed to love it. So did Betty and Rutt. They stood in the bows while he pointed out places of interest that she had apparently never noticed before. Or had she, and was she only pretending interest in a guest as instructed? I didn't know. All I knew was that the slow circles we were describing were gaining momentum, and that there was nothing to be done about it.

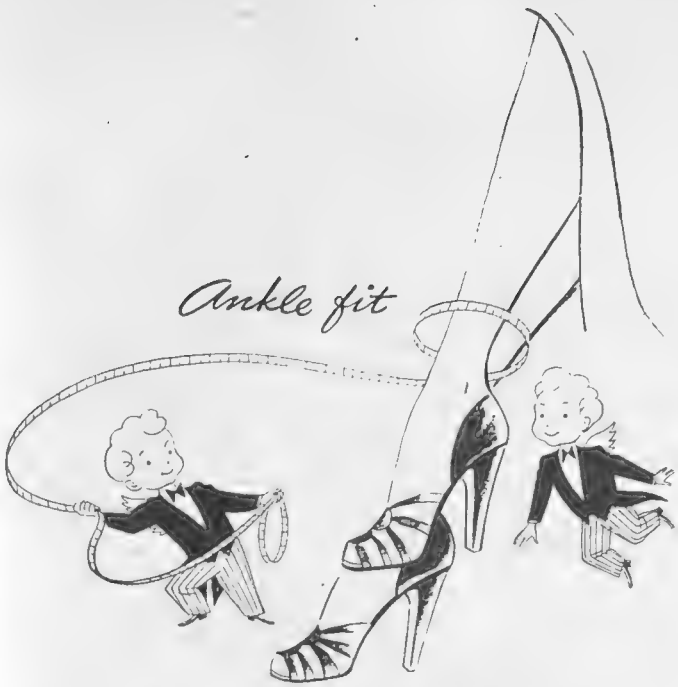
". . . Then drift downstream just like the barges do." Well, one passed us with its bearded owner sitting aft holding a sweep in one hand and his pipe in the other, and Betty left Rutt just long enough to come and ask me why we weren't doing the same. I tried to explain that we hadn't a sweep, and that a rudder doesn't function properly unless you have enough way because. . . . But what was the use?

Current and tide combined were now carrying us at about three knots down river towards our goal. I wasn't quite sure where the boundary line came between the Thames Conservancy and the Port of London Authority, but I knew we should be on the safe side at Chelsea Reach, as Rutt had said.

The Embankment was lit, so was Big Ben in the distance, and with the lights weaving in the ripple, and the blitz ruins of warehouses on the South Side against the remains of a sunset, dear old London looked quite romantic—as Rutt was pointing out to Betty.

But I was thinking of other things. I was thinking of just what would happen if we hit one of the bridges broadside on. By sheer luck we had got through two, but the one that was coming up now looked narrower between the piers, and as we got closer it looked narrower still. Of course, we were only about forty foot over-all, so there was plenty of room, but we were still yawing in the current, and I had to straighten her out somehow in case it carried her into either side.

All I had were two dinghy oars, a few tyre fenders and an anchor. The oars were useless for this job, the fenders were only a last resort . . . and sure enough we were making for one of the piles as though we meant to. The (*Continued on page 66*)



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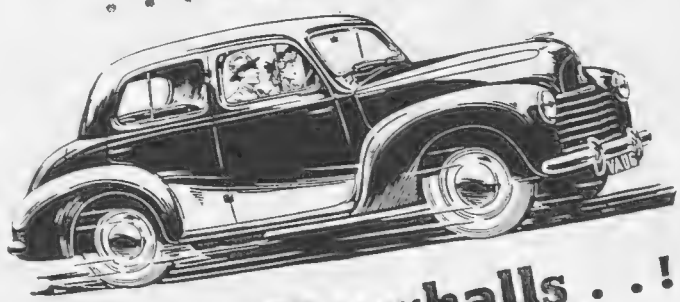

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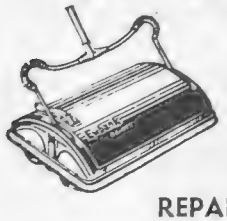

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anchor it was, then, I judged the distance from the bridge, and let go.

I had always thought that the bed of the Thames was fathomless mud, and I still think it is. We must have struck the only patch of rock in the river. That anchor came hopping after us like a tin can tied to a dog's tail, and the current was five knots down there.

Rutt said, "Yes, Sir!" I said something else, and Betty grabbed Rutt's arm—*Rutt's* arm, you'll notice.

The bridge was right on top of us now. I saw the foot of a slimy stone pier sticking out into the rushing water, and Betty and Rutt doing something heroic but ineffectual with fenders. I heard the crash and grind of my poor old hooker meeting granite, and felt the jar that sent us all sprawling. Then she jolted out from under the bridge into the open, and after a spell of intense quiet she came to rest on the little beach at Chelsea Reach—where Whistler used to paint.

Rutt and Betty had gone ashore for drinks to celebrate our deliverance. The damage wasn't as bad as it might have been. Then I thought I heard them coming back, but it wasn't. It was a boat-load of river police.

I had often had that sergeant aboard for light refreshment, and he looked rather sheepish about what he was doing now. But it didn't prevent him from doing it.

The station was on a floating pier. I asked them what the charge was, and they said there wasn't any charge. I asked what they were holding me for, then, and they said they weren't holding me. So I asked what was against me beating it back to the boat, and they said they were sorry but would be greatly obliged if I would wait a little longer. And they were so sorry about it (which included a cup of tea) that I did.

I was staring through a window wondering what could happen next, when by the dim, yellow lights outside I saw three people engaged in close and apparently heated conference at the end of the pier. One had a clutch of bottles in either hand, which he kept waving in another man's face. The other man

International Incident

was what is called portly, and the woman was—yes, they were Betty, Rutt and Pringle, and I didn't like the look of things at all. I made for the door, but with the gentlest possible motion of the hand the sergeant shut it.

"If you don't mind, sir," he said.

"But I do mind," I told him. "Those are friends of mine out there—or anyway, two of them are—and you're holding me."

He didn't answer, but he didn't move, either. I went back to the window. Pringle had gone, and Betty and Rutt were coming towards the door. The sergeant opened it for them—and left it open this time. I sat down quickly and lit a cigarette. I wasn't going to let them know I had seen anything. Why should I? I felt it was up to them to explain their extraordinary conduct.

"Pringle's fixed," Rutt said, and I suppose because I didn't stand up and cheer, Betty burst in with, "What do you think this gorgeous man has done?"

"Never mind all that," said Rutt, but it didn't stop her.

"He's paid off Pringle, and the boat is yours."

"That guy's tough," said Rutt. "He got the writ of attachment on your boat before you left the dock, so it didn't help us any coming down here."

Betty laughed. It seemed to amuse them both tremendously, but it didn't amuse me, and Betty noticed it.

"Cheer up old thing," she said, "we're going to be married."

That stirred me.

"What makes you think so?" I asked in instinctive self-defence.

"You see," she said, "then you'll have the boat, and Jim will have me, and everything will be lovely."

And perhaps it was. I often wonder what would have happened if it had come out the other way round.

END

Discretion

(*Continued from page* 32)

"At Edmonton, he had learned the exact date that the money would be despatched to Waterways for the run to Tiguactig. He had also obtained a duplicate mail sack key and some of the twine and leaden seals used to seal the pouches of registered mail. His plan was to build a cabin near the route and somehow persuade Joe to stop overnight. But learning that Joe always stopped one night at my place he had changed his plans so that Dubose would never even know of his existence. He planned for me to slip the knock-out drops into Joe's coffee. I would then signal Leander. He would enter and open the mail sacks, taking out the four money parcels. He would then re-seal and re-lock the bags and leave. Not until Joe reached Tiguactig several days later would the theft be discovered. By the time the Indian Agent had sent a fast runner the several days' journey to the nearest wireless post at Fort Smith, and the Mounted were halting and searching all travellers, Leander would have reached the railhead and be well on his way out of the country. Later, when matters had quietened down a bit, I was to join him and collect a half share.

"But I refused point blank to go in with him. Then he played another card. He told me that he had passed more bad cheques in the town where I had been picked up. At my trial it had been sworn that I was the actual forger, and the police were again looking for me. If I did not go in with him, he said that he would tip off the city police as to my whereabouts. Then he left."

"If this is true," Crane said, "then, Riddell, Leander certainly had you where he wanted you. What then?"

"I almost went crazy trying to puzzle some way out of the trap," Riddell resumed. "If I had back-trailed to warn Joe, that would also mean notifying the Mounted and you fellows would start investigating.

Leander was suave; no doubt he would laugh off the whole matter, leaving me unable to prove anything. He might be bluffing about city police, but I didn't dare to call his bluff."

"So?" Crane prodded.

"It was hell, Crane." Riddell choked on the intensity of his own feelings. "I thought of all the grief it would cause decent people if Leander carried out his plan. Bank and postal officials, and especially Joe Dubose. Joe would take it very hard if the mails entrusted to his care were rifled. I believed that it would just about wreck him."

"Quite likely," Crane agreed, "Go on."

For the first time since he had started speaking Riddell took his eyes from Crane's and let them stray to where his .303 carbine hung on a peg. Then looking at Crane again, he said levelly:

"At daybreak, Crane, I set out for Leander's cabin resolved to argue with him—anything. I was determined not to let him rob Joe.

"Arriving at Leander's cabin I tried fresh argument. He merely taunted me. I admit that I was goaded enough and desperate enough to shoot him, but I first tried a bluff. I told him that nothing remained for me to do, but to back-track and warn Joe. To my surprise my bluff worked. Leander turned ugly. He admitted that he had lied when he said the police were searching for me. Suddenly, he reached inside his shirt and produced an automatic pistol.

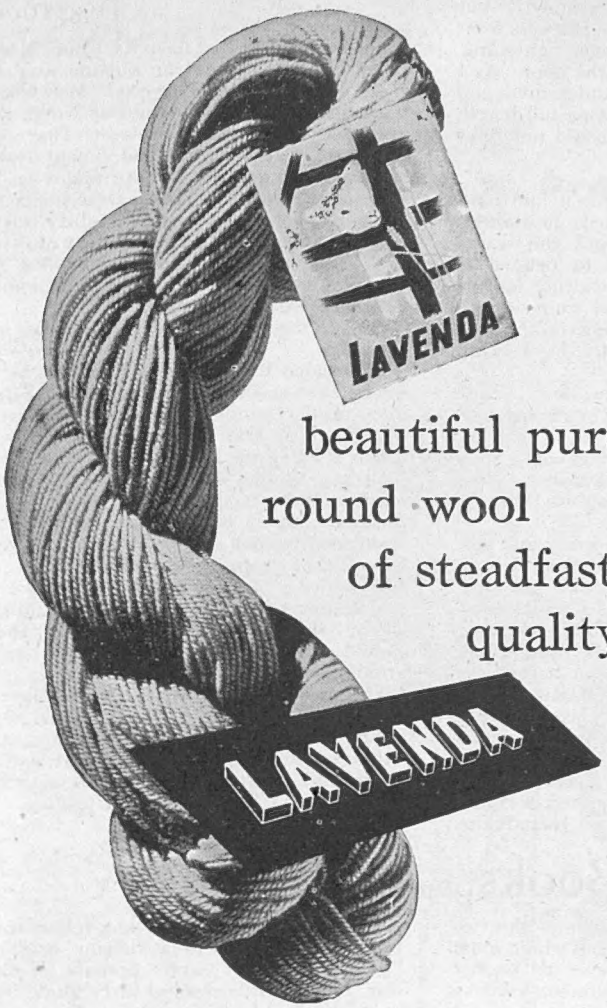
"First, he made me drop my carbine. He then said that he had but one way of dealing with squealers; he would shoot me, burn my body with the shack, take possession of my cabin, and get the money parcels anyway."

"There was no pistol in the cabin," Crane reminded.

"No." Reaching to a shelf, Riddell retrieved an auto-loading pistol. "You'll note that it's been fired recently," he said, handing it to Crane.

"Go on," Crane urged.

"I pretended to (*Continued on page* 68)



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change my mind," Riddell resumed, "but Leander saw through the ruse. His eyes went cold and I saw his trigger-finger tightening.

"I dodged and jumped for the door. As I wrenched the door open, Leander fired and missed. I stumbled and sprawled full length over the sill. His next shot could not have missed, but he never fired it."

"Why?" Crane asked.

"Now I come to the part you'll find hard to credit," Riddell answered hesitantly. "But it is the truth. Coincidence, the way of Providence, is perhaps hard to believe at times. As I sprawled there, waiting for the finishing bullet, a rifle cracked from outside the cabin. I heard something fall. That something was Leander. Finally, I got to my feet."

"That certainly is hard to swallow," Crane admitted dryly. "What's the explanation?"

"I have friends among the Dogribs. They've a camp about forty miles east. Soon after I left, one of them had called at my cabin for medicine. As my trail was fresh he followed.

"Seeing me enter Leander's shack and surmising that, as I did not unhitch my dogs, I would not be long, he sat down to wait. When the shooting started and I fell halfway out of the door he took a hand. Realizing that sooner or later you or some other member of the Mounted would run across the cabin we arranged Leander's body as you found it. We agreed to keep quiet, and you know natives well enough to know that he will never talk."

In the silence that followed, Crane watched Riddell closely. His eyes mirrored tortured anxiety, but they did not waver. Incredulous though it had seemed in spots, Crane believed his story. But would an outside jury composed of townsmen believe it? Men who did not understand that in the Far North life is governed by fundamentals? That when facing the threat of swift and violent death at the hands of another, a man might be hundreds of miles from the nearest policeman?

Crane had sworn to do his duty without fear or favour and must adhere to his oath, yet—suddenly there flashed into his mind one curt sentence from the official manual of rules and regulations:

"*At all times members of the Force are to use discretion.*"

It decided Crane. From a pocket he produced the smashed bullet he had dug out of a log inside Leander's shack, and the articles which had at first puzzled him when he had taken them from Leander's pockets; a mail sack key, leaden seals and short lengths of twine. Trifles in themselves but now of tremendous import in that they definitely substantiated Riddell's story. Lifting a lid of the stove Crane dropped them into the fire.

"Riddell," he said, "in the morning I wish you to accompany me a few miles up-river. There I shall burn down a log shack. The fire should sufficiently thaw out a small patch of ground to permit the digging of a grave. In that grave we shall bury the remains of a man who *committed suicide.*"

For long moments Riddell stared, then, with eyes no longer anguished but suddenly warm and moist, got to his feet with hand outstretched. Silently they gripped.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

designed to confuse the identities of the two babies in the orphan home, one of whom must die in a fire, the other survive to be her heroine and point a story of character relative to the conflicting influences of breeding and environment? These initial complications, so unconvincing, handicap a story of merit, once it gets down to essential.

AND now do I hear raven-voiced Leslie Henson croaking: "Cut the novels and get on to my autobiography"? Certainly, Leslie, it's a pleasure. I enjoyed your trek from pierrot to panto—at £3 a week, then to stardom at the Gaiety. I've laughed over your stories. The woman's comment on your two baritones in *Nicely, Thanks*, for example: "What a fine man those two baritones would make." The rainy washout at St. Annes when Wolseley Charles of The Scamps stepped through the tabs and invited the audience of *three* to go home with the Party and share a nice shepherd's pie and game of cards. The New York dame who retorted, when you bumped into her and said: "I'm sorry," "Sorry! Why, you've never known how to be glad." The time you and Eddie Cantor were doing your stuff, all out, for a publicity photograph and the cameraman popped his head from under the cloth and said: "Now wait a moment, boys—break it up. I'll think of something funny." And so on, and so on. **"Yours Faithfully"** (Long, 12s. 6d.) is as cheery as your smile, as funny as Fred Emney's top hat, and I wish it luck. . .

A STAGE biography with which I must be more reverent—though it, too, has good stories—is Mr. Maurice Wilson Disher's **"The Last Romantic"** (Hutchinson, 21s.) which describes Sir John Martin-Harvey's rise to fame as Sydney Carton in *The Only Way* from a boyhood among the Wivenhoe shipyards and a hard grounding at the Lyceum with Irving. A prize story concerns two wartime lectures Sir John gave in Yorkshire towns—one to some ancient virtuous order, the other to the troops. Evidently he got the scripts mixed, and a local wag told of rows of whiskers waggling to a rousing oration to "get the guns out" and "prepare for bloody war, boys," while rows of lusty khaki figures were extolled for years of unswerving devotion to total abstinence and regular contributions to the local maternity hospital! In more serious mood, Mr. Disher traces the rise of the romantic tradition, talking "shop" of profound interest to theatre folk.

MR. GEOFFREY GORER believes that, while the world's future peace and prosperity depends on the mutual understanding and collaboration of the British and U.S. people and governments, we must have no delusions about the fundamental differences. **"The Americans"** (Cresset, 10s. 6d.) is an exhaustive study in national character designed to show in what ways they are different and unique, notably in their typical attitude to parents, children, love, friendship, work, money, public life, and the race question. A most valuable first-hand survey, even though some of the sweeping conclusions have to be qualified.

HERE is a list of other books recommended to readers: Three new novels, **"Flood Crest,"** by Hodding Carter (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.); **"1939,"** by Kay Boyle (Faber, 7s. 6d.) and **"Odysseus,"** by Rom Landau (Macdonald 12s. 6d.), a picaresque story of modern man in search of his soul.

"Mesmerism," by Doctor Mesmer (Macdonald, 6s.), the first English translation of the famous **"Propositions"** with an introductory monograph by Gilbert Frankau; **"Lakeland Scene"** edited by Mary Rose FitzGibbon (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.); **"Royal Crusader,"** a sensitively written autobiography of a horse by Glenda Spooner, with illustrations by Michael Lyne which will appeal to all those who have enjoyed Black Beauty, (Latimer House, 9s. 6d.); and the first edition in English of the famous French hotel guide, **"Auberges de France"** (Seymour Press, 12s.).

END

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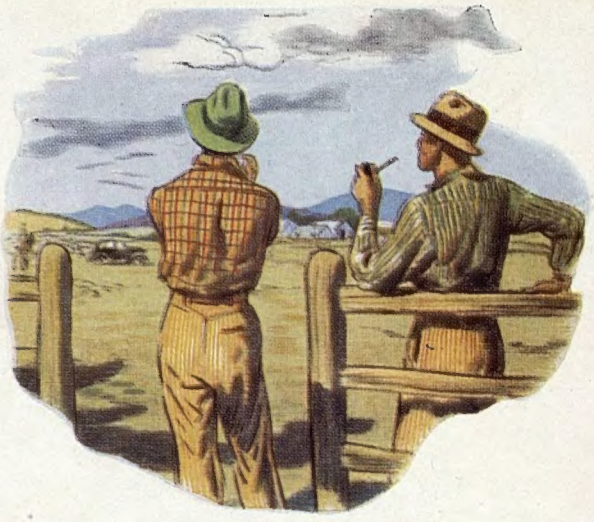

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